Volume XII. Number 9.

The UNITARIAN

Oct'96 Cortazzo Miss K.

SEPTEMBER, 1[illegible]7.

CONTENTS:

GREAT CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST BOOK: The Messiah and the World 385

The Author of "Dr. Antonio." I. 388
Ursula Tannenforst

The Scientific Basis of Happiness 393
Theodore F. Seward

The Unitarian Emphasis 398
Rev. E. C. Butler

Recessional. *Rudyard Kipling* . . 403

Things and Meanings 403

The Country Children 404
Hattie Tyng Griswold

Harvard Divinity School 405
Charles C. Everett

Religion in America 409

Common Things 410

Keeping Sabbath 410

Flee as a Bird . . . *Pastor Quiet* 411

Stephen H. Camp 412
George Herbert Hosmer

His Dwelling-place 414
William D. Little

Woodrow Wilson's "Washington" 414
Leon A. Harvey

Jean Ingelow's Poetry 415

DEPARTMENTS:

Editorial 416

One Upward Look Each Day . . 422

Sunday-schools 423
Edward A. Horton

Young People's Religious Union 425
Emma R. Ross

Books 425

Children's Corner 427

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

Albany, N.Y. . . 428
Brooklyn, N.Y. . . 428
Chicago, Ill. . . . 429
Duxbury, Mass. . 430
Hancock Conference 430
Lancaster, Mass. . 430
Lancaster, N.H. . 431
Littleton, N.H. . . 431
Montclair, N.J. . . 431
Petersham, Mass. . 431
Proctor Academy . 432
Salem, Mass. . . . 432
Springfield, Mass. . 432
St. John, N.B. . . 432
Thornton, N.H. . . 432
Weirs Grove Meeting 432

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND: H. RAWSON & CO., 16 NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

One Dollar per Year. Single Copy, 10 Cents.

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One Dollar for Twelve Months.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, - - 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

The UNITARIAN

Volume XII. SEPTEMBER, 1897 Number 9.

GREAT CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST BOOK.

The great worth of the Bible to all who seek the righteous life is sufficiently proved in history by the strength, inspiration, and comfort it has afforded. In the present series of articles on "Great Chapters from the Greatest Book" the best results of criticism are set forth in a popular way, and an effort is made to emphasize those deep religious truths that are good for all time.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. THE MESSIAH AND THE WORLD.

Gospel according to Mark, part of Chapter xiv.

And they come unto a place which was named Gethsemane: and he saith unto his disciples, Sit ye here, while I pray.

And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be greatly amazed, and sore troubled. And he saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death: abide ye here, and watch.

And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass away from him. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; remove this cup from me: howbeit not what I will, but what thou wilt.

And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? couldest thou not watch one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

And again he went away, and prayed, saying the same words. And again he came, and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they wist not what to answer him. And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: it is enough; the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Arise, let us be going: behold, he that betrayeth me is at hand.

And straightway, while he yet spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and the scribes and the elders. Now he that betrayed him had given them a token, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is he; take him and lead him away safely. And when he was come, straightway he came to him, and saith, Rabbi; and kissed him. And they laid hands on him, and took him. But a certain one of them that stood by drew his sword, and smote the servant of the high priest, and struck off his ear. And Jesus answered and said unto them, Are ye come out, as against a robber, with swords and staves to seize me? I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not: but *this is done* that the scriptures might be fulfilled. And they all left him, and fled.

And they led Jesus away to the high priest: and there come together with

him all the chief priests and the elders and the scribes. Now the chief priests and the whole council sought witness against Jesus to put him to death; and found it not. For many bare false witness against him, and their witness agreed not together. And there stood up certain, and bare false witness against him, saying, We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and in three days I will build another made without hands. And not even so did their witness agree together. And the high priest stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? What is it which these witness against thee? But he held his peace, and answered nothing. Again the high priest asked him, and saith unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven. And the high priest rent his clothes, and saith, What further need have we of witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy: what think ye?

And they all condemned him to be worthy of death.

IN order to understand the real relation in which Jesus stood to the people of his own times, it is necessary for us to forget the progressive spirit of modern life and put ourselves in imagination back into the heart of a very peculiar people, who, through a unique national history, a varied, romantic, almost marvellous experience, had developed an unprecedentedly high moral and religious ideal. The very fact that they had been able to conceive such an ideal, and that they did cling to it through every shock, indicated remarkable characteristics in the people themselves.

Other nations had endured similar hardships, other nations had been conquered and enslaved, exiled and oppressed; but these other nations had in every case sunk in character, morals, and religious ideal with their sinking, worldly fortunes. Israel reversed this. As the shocks of external misfortune fell upon her, blow after blow, her religious life rose higher and higher.

The history of the world hardly furnishes any other illustration so noble, so sublime, so pathetic and heroic.

Two things have usually happened to numerically weak nations, overpowered by cruel neighbors. They have either given themselves to the soldier's heroic death upon the field of battle, like the Spartans and the Poles and the American Indians, and been slaughtered out of existence, or, sinking beneath the heel of tyranny, have lost virility, manhood, and character, and fallen into the vices, falsehood, and degradations of timidity. But with the children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the nation whose spiritual and moral character had been trained under the lofty teaching of Moses and the burning, fiery, poetic inspiration of David, something far better was possible. For every external indignity they suffered, for each succeeding step down they were compelled to take on the world's platform, they took a step up in moral insight, religious ideal, and spiritual power.

While an apparently perverse destiny was hastening their erasement from the roll of nations, they were conquering fate and fortune by making themselves the pioneers of a new field, a life higher than that which the world was taking away from them.

The first really downward worldly step was after King Solomon's reign of splendor, a savage attack from the Syrian tribes on the north and east, with the loss of much territory. That was a worldly disaster, the first step down. But what immediately followed this distressing calamity? Why, the appearance of the first great prophet or proclaimer. Down from his mountain home came Elijah, crying: "How long halt ye between two gods? If the Lord God be God indeed, then let us follow him!" And the idolatrous worship of the gods of Canaan was checked. The purer, more ennobling thought of one only Jehovah became the new uplifting ideal of the race.

But the Syrian enemies were soon to be replaced by a fiercer foe. The terrible arm of the mighty King Sargon of Assyria stretched forth to grasp the fertile plains of Canaan: fire and sword ravished the land. Yet out of the depth of this new misery sounded Isaiah's trumpet tones, encouraging his people to "break forth into joy," "to sing together"; for a new consolation had been revealed to them,—a new

life, the life of righteousness, giving peace and rest to their souls, though the wildest warfare raged around them and bodily destruction awaited them.

At last the poor stricken nation was bodily carried away into pitiful captivity, deprived of its freedom and its name. It turned this almost annihilating disaster, however, into its grandest triumph; for there in slavery the truest, choicest, most faithful souls banded themselves together, and in secret cultivated the higher virtues of the spiritual life till, opportunity offering, they returned to Palestine, rebuilt Jerusalem, and fed the kindling fires of a holy patriotism. Great, stirring, wonderful ideals of what was yet to be began to float before their enraptured eyes; and the hope of a redemption, a salvation, took shape to cheer them on. "When all the people shall obey the law of our God," cried the prophet, then "the plougher shall draw near to the reaper, the treader of grapes to the sower of seed, the mountains shall drop new wine, the hills shall melt, the captives shall come back. I, the Lord, will be as dew to Israel, my people shall blossom as the lily, and be as fragrant as Lebanon." They personified these hopes. They saw not salvation only, but a Saviour; not redemption alone, but a Redeemer.

"Behold, my servant whom I uphold, my chosen in whom my soul delighteth."

"For to us a child is born. To us a son is given; and he shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, mighty Potentate. His dominion shall be great to fix and establish it through justice and equity."

The raptures of these prophetic visions were handed down from generation to generation, each adding its own expectation to the hopes of its fathers, till the very atmosphere was suffused with the glow of spiritual hopes and prophetic visions such as could be found nowhere else on earth.

These ideal hopes fostered a rigid life. All the great prophets retired into the wilderness, cut themselves off from pleasures, lived on herbs and fruits. The society of the Essenes cultivated this ideal asceticism; righteousness was wrought out in every detail of daily life; the dissipation, luxury, ease, of the surrounding nationalities, were held in abhorrence; every soul was brought before the personal judgment-seat of a God of law and justice, and was taught in imagination to look forward to the glory of a future life, infinitely beyond compare. It was into such a luminous atmosphere, all glowing and prepared, that the spirit of Jesus came.

"Before him and around him there was a great galaxy of enraptured idealists," who were looking for him, expecting him, already idealizing him in their visions and dreams.

He came, in the fulness of time, out of the life and heart blood of this prepared people. Nowhere else in the whole wide world *could* he have come forth.

"Born in the hemisphere and home of a sublime prophetic fervor, he inherited the devotion, self-immersion, faith, night-watchings, deep pathetic sorrow, continued meditations, poverty, asceticism, and meekness of the strange, sad, struggling but up-looking, beaten but God-strengthened, world-fallen but spirit-risen, race that had gone before him."

This was the relation of Jesus to the times in which he appeared. He belonged to the special people to whom he came, he was of them, with them, part of them.

But this was not all. Jesus transcended his times. Although his relation to everything that had already been was perfectly true, natural, fitting, and reasonable, yet in him the goodness, aspirations, self-abandonment, spirituality, insight, of all the prophets of Israel, were consecrated, like scattered sunbeams in a lens, streaming forth again upon the world in one intense and glowing ray of burning light.

The high ideal, the hope of Israel, had been as of some great day to come. The very grandeur and dignity of their thought of God lifted him far, far above the world. His great and glorious kingdom must be infinitely remote from this. They longed for it, hoped for it, prayed for it, and waited.

But Jesus beheld it, pointed to it, and entered it.

This was the surprise of his message. This was what struck dumb with astonishment the teachers and prophets and rabbis whose work he took up and glorified. They had all declared there should be, there must be, a kingdom of God; but Jesus, entering into the very intensity of the

thrilling expectation that strung to a high pitch of excitement the popular mind, cried, "It is here."

He gathered up all the highest idealism, the best hopes of his age, and kindled them on the altar of the living world.

"There, in that lily, behold the finger-print of God,
Here, in this child, the purity of heaven!"

But, alas! it is so beautiful to dream of God-like days to be, so difficult to take the God-like things to do.

And so, though Jesus was but concentrating and realizing and perfecting the very goodness and ideals and virtues that were already alive in the hearts of his countrymen, though it was out of their long preparation, heroic suffering, splendid godliness, that he grew, though he was thus most closely and intimately related to his own people and his own time, yet they *knew him not.* They would not have the truth made plain, they would not have the way shown here, they would not have the light of God's own day revealed to them. To-morrow and to-morrow, but not now. Hereafter and hereafter, but not here.

In his hand they placed a reed, on his head a crown of thorns. In company with thieves they crucified their King.

THE AUTHOR OF "DR. ANTONIO."

(Giovanni Ruffini.)

I.

The personality of Giovanni Ruffini, while seemingly far from complex, is yet one which it is somewhat difficult to grasp, confused as it has been with that of his "Lorenzo Benoni." Even in the book of letters so admirably edited and annotated by Prof. Carlo Cagnacci, he is rather crowded to one side between his more stirring younger brother Agostino, and Mazzini, of whom Cagnacci observes that we might say of him as was said of Socrates, that "he seemed to be more like an institution than a man." Ruffini's life for years was so intertwined with Mazzini's that it is scarcely possible to consider them apart. Those who are hostile or indifferent to Mazzini may yet find abundant interest in the letters giving us an inside view of the future author of "Dr. Antonio" during a season of his long and troubled life when he was unknown to the world. The biography written soon after his death by Linaker was ill-calculated to satisfy the public. Inaccuracies have been pointed out in it by Cagnacci, with an unsparing hand and not without much genial irony. Ruffini's career may be said to divide itself into four separate periods:—

The first, comprising his youth in Genoa, more or less idealized into the charming autobiographical romance of "Lorenzo Benoni."

The second, beginning with his flight into exile in 1833, and covering the unhappy years of poverty and vicissitude which he and Agostino passed in company with Mazzini in Switzerland and in England.

The third, more satisfactory, if less exciting, containing his long career as a successful writer of romances in English,—his time of comparative peace and prosperity after a severe struggle.

His last years, spent quietly at Taggia amid the scenes familiar to his early boyhood.

Ruffini, after declaring that the life of a conspirator is a miserable one, fit to be compared with one of those stage decorations which are striking from a distance, but vanish into ugly blotches when viewed too near, says that it has "its compensations, few, but sweet,—the occasional intercourse with lofty minds and devoted souls, . . . the conviction that all this wear and tear is smoothing the way, inch by inch, toward a noble and holy end."

Sustained though they had been by this conviction while at home, it seems often to have failed them during the dreariness of their prolonged exile. Their letters from Switzerland to their mother in Genoa teem with complaints of the cold, the expenses of living and keeping a fire, of failing to receive her letters, wanting money, etc., until we are quite convinced, without the need of Giovanni's statement, that the life of a conspirator, far from being romantic, is made up of the severest prose. The brothers, unluckily, had not yet given up politics. They took part in Mazzini's expedition to Savoy in February, 1834. After this tragi-comic *fiasco*, which, as Cagnacci observes, might be summed up by Mazzini's saying, "I came,

saw, and ran away," the three exiles, now more than ever under ban, led a weary, wandering life in one Swiss town or village after another. Often they and their *cortège* of fellow-exiles were in trouble with the authorities, always they seem to have been in the sorest need of money. Both the parents of Mazzini and of the Ruffinis * sent to their sons a certain quarterly allowance, upon which, however, they appeared quite unable to get along. How far it should have sufficed for their needs, we have no means of judging. One thing seems probable,—that these three gifted and intellectual young men were singularly unpractical and destitute of prudence, self-denial, and self-control. It is true that Agostino, youngest and most impetuous of the three (he had gone into exile at twenty-one), went to Paris in 1834, trying to fit himself for work by studying literature, mathematics, and making translations. Here, as might have been expected, he (like Mazzini, who made a similar venture) was always in hot water,—short of money, dodging the police, on the lookout for political refugees, and often forced to change his assumed name and his abode. In the summer of 1835 we find him back in Switzerland, his letters dwelling sadly upon sundry literary undertakings of his own and Mazzini's, destined to end in disappointment.

Writing with the probability of their correspondence being tampered with by the authorities, the Ruffinis for years wrote in French, addressing their mother as "Dear friend" or "Dear madam"; while Giovanni is spoken of as "Francesco," and Agostino (by far the more frequent and more interesting writer of the two) figures as "Paolino." Mazzini, still more the bugbear of the ruling powers, is called "Emelia," or "La Cugina." It is only far on in this volume of 570 pages that he is known by his own name, though he often appears as "Pippo," equivalent to Joe. "Emilia" is for years the centre round which the other two revolve.

Viewed from the standpoint of his own writings or in the light of the description in "Lorenzo Benoni," the character of Mazzini, in his youth, seems to have been one of an almost ideal beauty. The disenchantment, already experienced upon discovering this exciting book to be mainly a romance, becomes still stronger when we read these letters, supplying a sort of *journal intime* of the brothers' life with the friend of their youth in exile. We do not need Prof. Cagnacci's assertion that the Ruffinis, and especially Giovanni, were pessimists, seeing things *en noir*. The "many-headed beast" is allowed to learn rather too much from these letters, where (though said to have been reserved in speech) they dissect and show up their friends without mercy.* Mazzini's mother (called *la signora Marta*) is constantly mentioned with a tirade of what we trust is somewhat undeserved abuse, accused of treachery, duplicity, ingratitude, and what not. In strong contrast with all this, Mazzini's letters to the Signora Ruffini, given in the appendix, are written in his own characteristic vein of noble and beautiful prose-poetry, breathing the deepest, most tender and reverential feeling for the mother of his friends, whom he often addresses as "*Madre mia d' amore.*" Idealism pervades them quite in proportion to the brusque and sometimes savage realism so abundantly displayed by the others. And thus—by turns arrested or proscribed, always harassed, suspected, and for a time in hiding—they worried on until the beginning of 1837, when, with the aid of the Swiss government, glad to get rid of them, they set off for England. Mazzini, during this dreary sojourn, had sought consolation in founding and conducting his short-lived journal, *La Jeune Suisse*, of which few copies are in existence. It must be owned that his two friends, however busy in aiding him in this political propaganda, are recorded (especially Agostino) as diversifying their labors while in Switzerland by

* Much as we pity the exiles, we feel that great sympathy is due to their sorely taxed parents. Even the indulgent Signora Ruffini must, we fancy, have sometimes wished that her sons would leave Mazzini, devote themselves to something practical, and be able to earn money, so as to stop the incessant demands which run side by side with the strongest expressions of filial devotion.

* Mazzini throughout is so cavalierly handled by his pair of friends that Cagnacci fairly pities him with "those hammers of Ruffinis" (*quei martelli de' Ruffini*) on either side. Agostino looks back upon himself in 1834 as being "surrounded by heads even more cranky than my own"; while his occasional expressions of affection for "Pippo" alternate with most savage flings at him, yet always clever, racy, and amusing.

means of sundry love affairs, concerning which very much might be said that it would require some patience and many pages to supply.

Harmony had not always reigned among them on the Continent; and it was worse after, in January, 1837, they had arrived in London. It is true there was an end to false names, persecution, and dodging the police. At first they joined forces with a fellow-exile, Angelo Usiglio, who had accompanied them, and a Giambattista Ruffini of Modena, who does not seem to have been a relative. The bachelors' hall soon set up by these five young, inexperienced Italians at No. 9 George Street, New Road, must have been a somewhat strange and ill-managed household. Agostino gives his mother a description of the dwelling, saying that he has chosen the front room in the top story, because it is the most quiet and private, the others having a door of communication which would annoy him. "I am a great partisan of liberty and individual independence; but, without a room to one's self, one can have neither the one nor the other."

This was written March 22; and one week after he tells how they have a rather rough maid-of-all-work, that three of them speak no English, that Mazzini, who knew it, was the one least fitted to "descend to sundry particulars of the kitchen and domestic service," and that Giambattista Ruffini, who spoke it "magnificently," had "such laziness ingrained" that he hated to have to say four words. That same evening he writes in his journal: "This sort of life must come to an end some day or other. We are unhappy enough without redoubling our unhappiness by bitter, continual, furious disputes. . . . Look a little at the quarrel of this evening. For thyself it gains the name of impostor, to Pippo it brings tears." He goes on to moralize upon the vanity of trying to contend with his associates, asking himself what it need matter to him if one of them (evidently Mazzini) is a crank (*matto*), if another (probably Usiglio) is a drunkard, if a third (likely to have been Giovanni) is steeped in doing nothing. He feels compassion for *povero Pippo*, but professes a cynical contempt and indifference toward all earthly things. He sighs for "a little Christian faith" to support him, and winds up by composing a set of resolutions for the future. After resolving (with a characteristic vow "upon the gray hairs of my mother, and by the memory of my dead one") that he will, so far as possible, avoid disputes with everybody, and particularly Pippo, keep silent while the others quarrel, eschew expressions of contradiction, stay in his own room as much as he can, and keep himself steadily occupied, converse only upon indifferent subjects not likely to cause trouble, refrain from confidences or complaints, ask advice only of his brother, and keep clear of entangling himself in the affairs of other persons, he winds up with No. 12, declaring that he will "read over and ponder these resolutions at least three times a week." Cagnacci, in his dryly humorous way, remarks that it is likely that Agostino neither took the trouble to practise any of his resolves or even to read them again. Still, the picture of this poor young Italian, of barely twenty-five, exiled, despairing of the future, and moreover grieving in secret over the death of his hopelessly loved* one, alone in his attic chamber, fresh from one of the *furibonde dispute*, mournfully writing down his outpourings of misery, is one that lingers with us, and stirs our pity.

His next letter ends by saying that things were going topsy-turvy in their house for lack of a firm hand to govern; but he hopes that as soon as "the positives" are able to "stammer a little English," they may begin to keep order. This follows upon a long string of complaints regarding Mazzini and his mother, who, as it appears, had been causing the Ruffinis' father (called "*l'Avvocato*") a world of trouble.

It is melancholy to be compelled to say that Mazzini, in spite of his great intellectual gifts, lofty qualities, and personal magnetism (as Lorenzo Benoni calls him, "the most fascinating little fellow I ever knew"), must yet have been an uncomfortable man with whom to get along. His intelligence seems to have been reserved for writing. Little enough was displayed in the affairs of ordinary life. The man whose plottings kept half the rulers of Europe uneasy on their thrones, whose ingenuity could enable

*A Swiss lady, called "Anna," in his journals. She died a few months before he started for England. Agostino was constantly falling in love.

him, with a price on his head, to go across the Continent in disguise over and over again, appears to have been utterly incapable of taking common care of his own interests or his money. He was, in fact, one of those hopelessly impracticable persons who cannot be made to see that it is morally wrong to give away in charity to-day the money you are certain to need for paying your own bills to-morrow. Having placed himself at the head of such a movement as *La Giovine Europa*, with its ramifications all over the Continent, he of necessity became a mark for all needy exiles or those who passed for such. Scarcely had they settled in London before he was hunted down by a tribe of mendicants and impostors. Agostino records, with an indignation we cannot but share, how Mazzini, "in the name of that accursed phantom, the brotherhood of humanity," has actually received into their house a certain young fellow, penniless, head-over-heels, egotistical, "as lazy as laziness itself," "and who, moreover, eats like a wolf." Nor was this all. Mazzini, in order to offer these hospitalities (the greater part of which came of necessity out of those other persons who shared the joint expenses of their extraordinary household), had actually made himself responsible for sundry debts contracted by this incubus at his former lodgings, though he himself was already owing money far and wide. Agostino, we are glad to say, resisted this aggression so manfully that in a few weeks we hear of the stranger taking his departure.

Mazzini, so far as we can judge from this book, seems to have had few, if any, scruples about borrowing, asking, running into debt, and applying to his friends until even the Ruffinis were worn out. Their beautiful friendship with "Fantasio" in youth was one for which they were destined to pay only too heavily, in poverty and exile, years after, when they themselves had given up all share in political plottings, and were struggling, though ineffectually, to gain a livelihood. Fortunate, indeed, would it have been for them if they had carried out the eventual separation some years sooner. Meanwhile Giovanni, like his brother, was busy in learning English, with a thoroughness and perfection attested by his books. Mazzini was beginning his connection with some English periodicals, writing in French, which had to be translated at his expense, and somewhat impeded, as he himself admits, by his style, almost too lofty and poetic to suit the ordinary market. Thus they worried, worked, and quarrelled, making also an unsuccessful venture into commerce with Italian oil and wine. In 1839 Giambattista Ruffini left them for Paris. Agostino, apt to be often grimly humorous, even when most sad, describes how they had been asked to dine with a kind Quaker gentleman, and how *il nostro Quacchero* before dinner had made him read out a chapter of the Bible, calling up such recollections of the Royal College at Genoa, the Father Rettore, the students, etc., as cost him a hard struggle to suppress a laugh which would have lost them the good man's friendship forever. The same letter gives us a glimpse of the Carlyles, with whom they were to form an intimacy, and contains sundry remarks upon the English mode of viewing literature, uncivilly comparing the average Briton to a mule, stiffly set one way.

In the spring of 1840, a year after his pleasure-loving eldest son Ottavio, their much-tried father died, in the sad belief that his once promising pair of younger sons were steeped in hopeless idleness, and unwilling even to exert themselves to earn money wherewith to pay for their incessant smoking. What a pity that he could not have lived to read "Doctor Antonio"! In 1840 likewise the bachelors' hall was broken up, with what Agostino calls a chaos and a cloud of dust. "For three whole days we have breathed dust, eaten dust, drunk dust. I believe we had dust in our blood." He himself removed to Edinburgh, where, as he says, he in three weeks made more money than he had done in three years in London. It is satisfactory to know that he was able to gain his livelihood at last. Mazzini and Giovanni established themselves in a house at Chelsea, with an exile from Perugia, "half gentleman, half artisan, but the most excellent fellow," who was married to an Englishwoman. Angelo Usiglio is said to have parted from them with that coldness apt to result on the dissolution of a partnership. In their new abode they enjoyed the advantages, as Giovanni writes, of being farther

away from Mazzini's train of beggars and of being nearer to the Carlyles. It is amusing to find Jane Welsh Carlyle transformed into *la signora Giovanni*, and to read her young Italian friends' sympathizing comments upon her too evident lack of domestic happiness. Humorous sketches are given us of the great philosopher, his interminable monologues, and public lectures where he suffered painfully from that physical *mauvaise honte* so natural to a Scotchman, but so sure to awaken an Italian's sense of the ridiculous; though the brothers call him "a crabbed fellow, but with a good heart." *

Ruffini feels constrained now and then to accompany Mazzini to a soirée at the house of Count Pepoli, himself an exile, married in England. Here, as he complains, he encounters a set of compatriots whose manners and behavior too often wound his dignity both as a man and an Italian. He meets Lady Morgan, the once famous "wild Irish girl," now "a little old lady, with certain pretensions to youthfulness," dressed in a fantastic, anomalous fashion, with one eye glancing east and another west, hobbling, crooked, flourishing a huge fan, talking as if she wanted to be heard by all, and playing the literary lion. On another occasion he sees Andryane, author of the "Recollections of a Prisoner at Spielberg." His illusions are dispelled by the sight of a thick-set, red-faced man, with a fat stomach and a theatrical stride. He says (and it might serve as a motto for this book), "Reality is the worst enemy of the ideal!" Meanwhile Agostino writes from Edinburgh (where he exults in his emancipation from the long-continued "dreadful slavery" of his life in Switzerland and in London) that some friends had dragged him to a theatre to see Van Amburgh, the tamer of wild beasts (*domatore delle belve*), and that a "Miss Quey" has taken him to one of her religious meetings. We had thought of the Kirk of Scotland, but find him again fallen among Quakers, much amazed at the large bare room, where you are allowed to keep your hat on, the crowds of old Quakeresses (*vecchie Quacchere*), who looked as if they belonged some three centuries back, and the way in which men and women were permitted to rise and hold forth. Nor did the "*belve*" seem to have amused him; and he ends with a characteristic fling at Mazzini's mother, saying that he classes her likewise among the wild beasts. Like Giovanni, he is only bored by society of almost any sort, caring much for congenial friendships, but with a horror of the world. It is tragi-comic to think of this fiery young Italian taken to an Edinburgh Quaker meeting by way of experiencing Scotch hospitality and being made to feel at home.

Agostino, not without occasional expressions of regard for Mazzini and regret for Giovanni, became fond of Edinburgh, favorably contrasting its peaceful quiet with the roar of London. Besides giving lessons in Italian, he devoted himself to the study of English and German literature, acquiring much skill as a translator. Almost too versatile, his quick, discursive mind dissipated its powers on too many objects, since he is mentioned as even writing a treatise on homœopathy. Rejoicing in his independence, he says, after many months, that his present life is an oasis of verdure, a bed of rest, a sequence of golden days, compared with the bitter, quarrelsome, dull, repressed existence he had led in partnership with the others. Giovanni's own turn was at hand.

In the summer of 1841 the brothers, not without difficulty, managed to pass several weeks at Montpellier with their widowed mother, after a separation of nearly eight years. Her future home was to be at Taggia, where she owned property,—those olive plantations that, as Agostino said, had supported them for so long. When she returned to Italy, Agostino went back to Edinburgh; and Giovanni, worn out by his life with "Emilia," as Mazzini is still called, wisely determined to break off the irksome alliance, and settle in Paris. He writes from there in October that Agostino, visiting

* Readers of Mrs. Carlyle's life will remember the counsel given her by Mazzini when she had sought his advice concerning her husband's devotion to a certain lady. It is not strange that the refined and sympathetic gentleness of Mazzini and Ruffini must have seemed doubly grateful to her by comparison with what she experienced at home. Carlyle (who liked Mazzini, and came out manfully on his behalf when his letters had been opened at the London post-office in 1844) wrote, long after, that "his mother left him what she could; but it all went to Italian beggars." He appears to have had but slight opinion of Mazzini's judgment or wisdom in the practical affairs of life, like many others.

Mazzini on his way back to Scotland, finds little satisfaction in his society. He feels encircled by an atmosphere of sentiment, and fine phrases which weary him. Giovanni has solemnly decided never again to put himself under Mazzini's feet. At a distance, they may still be friends: if together, each in turn must be the victim of the other. An Italian proverb says that, of two friends, one is always the victim. In this case it would seem that the main difficulty lay, not so much in Mazzini's temper or disposition (he is said to have been eager to avoid giving pain, and it is hard to doubt the reality of his affection for these friends whom he continued to love, even after their regard for him had shared the extinction of their early enthusiasm for his ideas) as in the sad, prosaic, relentless fact of his being so impracticable, and making so much trouble about money.*

So far as we can tell, the obligations between them had been mutual. Agostino, long after, said that, having kept their purses in common and, moreover, having kept no accounts, it would be impossible ever to determine precisely how matters stood. It is no wonder if a partnership begun and for years continued with such incredible carelessness should have resulted in those "*furibonde dispute*" referred to so often. Ruffini felt himself justified in making that stroke for personal independence already made by his more enterprising brother.† In Paris, where he is said to have been kindly received by the English colony, though, as Cagnacci thinks, without much success in the way of finding pupils, he tried to eke out his allowance from his mother (who was far from rich) by writing librettos for the Italian opera. He sketches the ludicrous effect of his appearing at rehearsals on the stage with the divine Grisi, the brilliant Mario, and other celebrities, looking, as he says, grave, cold, severe, the embodiment of that evil eye so dreaded by his countrymen. He has no bright hopes for the future, no presentiment of the fame that is awaiting him at the end of a vista of long years, some of them to be spent in obscure struggles, all of them more or less to be clouded by that innate melancholy, that mist of despondent sadness, which was destined to darken the soul of this gentle and gifted son of Italy.

URSULA TANNENFORST.

*Mazzini is mentioned as repaying a sum borrowed of the Ruffinis to their mother in 1844, on the occasion of his revisiting Genoa, when, in the garb of a Capuchin, with breviary under his arm, he surprised his friend, Elia Benza, at Porto Maurizio; though, as Cagnacci says, this episode has escaped the notice of nearly all his biographers.

†"Were we hounds in a leash?" Agostino exclaimed. "Had he [Mazzini] purchased our freedom?" He proceeds to suggest that their ex-friend liked to affect a tragic pose and excite compassion among women, that "his heart is not so tender as he imagines.... Believe me, a good three-fourths of his affection consists in sentimental phrases," and similar expressions painful to think of in connection with Mazzini, whatever be their claim to truth. Agostino is stated by Linaker to have held a professorship in the University of Edinburgh; but this, as Cagnacci thinks, is open to doubt.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF HAPPINESS.*

BY THEODORE F. SEWARD.

Science reveals the secret of happiness. It is adaptation to environment. Maladaptation to environment causes unhappiness. Partial adaptation to environment brings partial happiness. Perfect adaptation to environment brings perfect happiness.

What is man's environment? God is man's environment. "In him we live and move and have our being." If Herbert Spencer had written that sentence, it would probably have been criticised as savoring of pantheism. Saint Paul's statement is certainly opposed to the purely anthropomorphic or "giant man" idea of God. Our conception of the Supreme Being is undergoing a radical and necessary change. We are not required to surrender our belief in a personal God, but it is necessary to realize that *infinite* personality is something entirely different from what our conception of it has been during the centuries when nothing was known of the reign of universal law Science now supplies us with analogies which bridge the apparent chasm between the two words "personal" and "infinite."

Let us suppose a giant dynamo, situated at a great distance from the earth, furnishing an unlimited supply of electric force,—all that could possibly be needed for every

*Extracts from a pamphlet entitled "Don't Worry," published by the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, New York.

use that is known at the present time, and for all that will be known in the future. In this illustration the divine transcendence and the divine immanence are clearly set forth, and a basis is given for many helpful suggestions. The dynamo represents the personality of God: the diffused electric force represents his presence and power in the universe. In the light of this figure religious conversion is seen to be a scientific process. It is consciously putting one's self into synchronism with the vibrations of the infinite Source of energy. Without this synchronism man is powerless for good. With it he can do "all things" in proportion to the completeness of his union with the original Source of power. It is a well-known fact among electrical engineers that a motor, situated at a distance from the generator, does not reach its maximum efficiency unless it "keeps step," or is in synchronism with the energizing force. There is no tendency to materialism in this illustration. God's vibrations are the manifestation or expression of love. "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." And here we have the scientific necessity for Christ as a revealer of the law or principle by which we may form a conjunction with the divine. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God." That is to say, if we really accept him as the revelation and the expression of the divine principle of love, we establish by this faith our own union with the infinite Father, whose very being is love.

But, as we are constituted, this union is imperfect. God's love—our environment—is perfect; but our consciousness of it is partial and incomplete. This is the lesson we have to learn. The vital difficulty is that we refuse to believe in the perfection of our environment; that is, in the perfection of our Father's love and care. Jesus, our divine Teacher, took the utmost pains to make this clear beyond the possibility of misunderstanding. But we simply refuse to accept his statements. Let the reader of these pages turn to the sixth chapter of Matthew and the twelfth chapter of Luke, and confess to himself how absolutely he has ignored his Master's instructions in any practical application to his life. Yet how clear and strong is the teaching! "Take no anxious thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The passages in both chapters are so full, so minute, so comprehensive, that, in order to be understood, they must be read and studied as a whole. He who wishes to have any adequate idea of the Fatherhood of God as Jesus taught it should take his Testament every day, and read Matt. vi. 19–34 and Luke xii. 22–34.

In doing this, let him keep in mind two facts.

First, that this teaching was not new. Jesus was only reaffirming what the Scriptures had clearly taught before his time, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." It is needless to multiply quotations. The Old Testament is full of similar passages.

The next fact to remember is that a life of trust is the only scientific life. The emphasis of Biblical instruction, with reference to man's proper attitude, is expressed by the words "wait" and "trust." "Wait on the Lord." "Trust in the Lord." "Let the mind of Christ be in you." Now this is purely scientific. We human beings act very much as machines would act if they went bustling around on their own account, imagining that the electrical currents would somehow get hold of them and use them in the midst of their frantic efforts to accomplish something. No such folly do we see in the world of mechanics. The inventor says to his electrical instrument (and, if he is a consecrated man, he says it with the deepest reverence), "Seek first the kingdom of electricity and its righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." Bring yourself into sympathy and synchronism with the great central dynamo, and all that you are capable of accomplishing will be accomplished."

Thus is Jesus Christ seen to be the true scientist of the ages. He revealed the law of love and demonstrated its absolute power, and said to his followers: "Do not go about seeking a way of your own. On the contrary, surrender your will completely. Deny self. Give up your own life. Adjust your being to the will of the infinite

Father. Be not anxious about the things of this world. Your world is the kingdom within. All else is unreal. The real kingdom of spirit controls the unreal kingdom of material conditions. Give yourself wholly to the first, and the second will be added unto you to the full extent of your necessities."

All this seems "too good to be true." But it has been demonstrated in thousands of cases in all the varied epochs of Christian history. Even in the darkest ages there were trustful souls that sustained this childlike relation, this vital union with the infinite Father, and enjoyed the peace and happiness which inevitably result from such a union. But now that the highest intelligence, as well as the highest faith, shows the reasonableness of this relationship of man to the Creator, worrying is proved to be not only foolish, but unscientific. The time will surely come when corroding anxiety will be recognized as an insult to the heavenly Father, and a Christian will no more yield to the temptation to worry than he will yield to any other sin. An essential element of Christian faith will be the belief that

> "He always wins who sides with God,
> To him no chance is lost."

Charles B. Newcomb says, "It is always our *atheism*, or distrust of good, which is responsible for our trouble. Let us be honest, and not say that we believe in God while the fear of evil is upon us, but let us confess that we do *not* believe in God, and admit that that is the whole cause of our distress."

The scientific law of happiness is a key to the paradoxes of religious experience. The writings of Saint Paul are full of them, as when he speaks of "dying, and behold we live," "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," "having nothing, and yet possessing all things." "Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake." This is not a very attractive catalogue of pleasures, judged by the ordinary standard of human nature. Yet Saint Paul's description is true to the life. Every sincere Christian, every individual who desires *real* things in place of earthly illusions, will rejoice in the trials which recall him to his senses, and lead him to seek a closer union with the Divine Source of all real happiness. David said, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I kept thy word."

Shakspere discerned the truth, and expressed it in the lines which every one quotes and no one believes,—

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

This idea is conveyed in homelier phrase by a modern writer: "We do the rowing, but God does the steering." Belief in an eternal plan and purpose beneath human frailty and human blundering is the foundation of all our comfort. Every heart, however seemingly deficient in Christian faith, must perforce say with the poet,—

> "I steadier step when I recall,
> Howe'er I slip, thou canst not fall."

Where is the Spiritual World?

It is *here*. Emerson says, "Here or nowhere is the eternal fact." Nothing can be more intensely practical or involve more vital results than finding that the spiritual world is a present reality, and not a far-off principality which we can only enter by dying. A present spiritual world was the uniform teaching of Christ. His instructions were all based upon the fundamental principle, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Saint Paul reaffirms this principle in his words: "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." This does not mean, as human theologies have too often translated it, that now is the time to be converted and get a ticket of admission into heaven. The true signification is shown by Paul's other declaration: "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus *hath made us free* from the law of sin and death."

The truth is now recognized by progressive religious teachers that we are already in the spiritual world, and that, by cultivating goodness, love, truth, righteousness, we are identifying ourselves more and more completely with that world, and less and less with the material world. We can depart and be with Christ to-day by turning from the things of sense and following the laws of the spirit. When we sing "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal," we do not, or need not, refer only to happy ex-

periences beyond the grave, but to the truth that the spirit of heaven can comfort and heal us now if we will open the windows of the soul in that direction.

The Problem of Evil.

Accepting the truth of the allness and everywhereness of God necessitates a reconsideration of our views concerning evil. If God is good, and if he is infinite, then evil must be something that does not contradict the fact of infinite goodness. Nature supplies an analogy by which the problem can be solved. *Evil is to goodness as darkness is to light.* Darkness is an awful fact. Absolute and continued darkness would mean the absolute destruction of every form of life. Yet darkness is not a positive force, as light is. It is merely the absence of light. It is not an entity to be attacked and overcome. Bring the light, and darkness disappears.

So is evil the absence of goodness. Admit love into the heart, and where is hate? It has vanished. It was an ugly thing, but it could not exist in the presence of love. Admit goodness and truth, and every form of falsity and evil will disappear. An earnest writer says, "The fortress of evil has been the belief that it was necessary to humanity, and only to be suppressed, not eradicated."

Evil is so dreadful a thing that it often appears more powerful than goodness. It attacks goodness, and sometimes appears to overcome it. Yet, if we search to the foundation, we will see that *evil has no power but that which we concede to it.* We are instructed to resist evil. If it seems aggressive, we should stand firm, call up the forces of truth and righteousness, and behold evil will resolve itself into nothingness.

This principle applies even in the minor experiences of life. Every resolute person has found that when some great trouble seems to stand in the way, if he goes forward courageously, it either proves not to be there or it is far less serious than he anticipated. Bunyan's Pilgrim thought his end had come when he saw two lions in the pathway before him; but when he pressed forward, in spite of his fears, he found that the beasts were chained, and powerless to do him harm. This is the key to Emerson's wise advice: "If there is anything that you especially shrink from doing, *do it.*" Also to this suggestion, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe: "When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, *never give up then;* for that is just the place and time the tide will turn."

La Rochefoucauld says, "There are no circumstances, however unfortunate, that clever people do not extract some advantage from." Colton, an old English writer, says: "Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road. They both appear great at a distance; but, when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined."

The Bible and the Higher Criticism.

Is the Bible losing its power and influence through the critical analysis to which it is being subjected? No, a thousand times no. To the extent that this analysis releases Christendom from a fetich worship of the blessed book, to that extent its real power is increased. The subject is introduced here for a single purpose. Many lovers of the truth are seriously disturbed by the assertions and counter-assertions of the higher critics and their opponents, and are uncertain which side to espouse in the discussion. The advice suggested for their help is simple. *Do not join either side except so far as your mind is absolutely clear on the subject.* The Bible is not meant for criticism, but for *use.* Criticism is necessary just now, because a stage is reached in human evolution when all things are to be tested by a law of development which has not been known until the present era. But the work should be done by professional scholars, whose whole life can be given to the profound study which alone can throw the needed light upon the subject. Neither the ordinary layman nor the ordinary minister can give the time to the study that is required for an intelligent comprehension of the questions involved.

The Bible will be an all-sufficient help and guide to every one who wishes to be helped and guided. Coleridge gave a clew to the spirit in which we should "search the Scriptures" in the saying, "I believe in the

Bible because it *finds* me." If we will go to the Book for the truth that *finds* us,—that is to say, inspires us and purifies our lives,—no question of higher or lower criticism will perplex us. Many critical questions are not yet decided. When the scholars have settled them, we, the people, will have the full benefit. In the mean time we can afford to wait. There is enough plain and life-giving truth between the covers of the Book of books to save every member of the human race.

Prayer.

Many earnest minds are perplexed in these days on the subject of prayer. "God is infinite love and wisdom, and I am a weak and short-sighted mortal. How can I ask him for definite blessings when I am not sure that what I want would be a blessing? And, if he is infinite love and wisdom, why should I pray at all? It must be his essential nature to give: then wherein is the reasonableness of my asking him for anything?" Such are the thoughts of multitudes of devoted Christians. Is there any light to be thrown upon these serious problems?

One suggestion may be helpful to some who are seeking a clearer way. *Every one must have his own way of praying.* There is no universal rule which will apply to all cases. Christ's own teachings are a proof of this; for they were not uniform, but covered all phases of the subject. He taught his disciples to pray, and to pray with importunity, yet he also taught another side; namely, that "the heavenly Father knoweth what ye have need of before ye ask him."

Although there may be as many methods and habits of prayer as there are individuals, the *spirit* of prayer has one invariable standard. This standard is expressed by the words, "Thy will be done," meaning nothing less than absolute surrender of our own will and way, and accepting God's will and way instead. The scientific analogy makes this beautifully clear. In the electrical world nothing will suffice but complete synchronism between the motor and the generator. So must the human will and the divine will be in complete unity and harmony. This is a key to the saying of Christ which seems so enigmatical: "Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you."

This is purely scientific. If the motor is in complete synchronism with the generator, it has no desire but to express the will of the generator. If a human being is completely submissive to the will of God, he will have no desire but to be a medium for expressing that will; and whatever God plans and purposes will be accomplished even to the removing of a mountain. The French preacher, Bossuet, says, "God sometimes waits till things become impossible before he does them."

Think for Yourself.

Jesus said to the Pharisees, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" They were under such bondage to tradition that they surrendered their own judgment, and refused to accept the evidences of a new dispensation which their own natural sagacity would doubtless have enabled them to recognize. Hence the Lord said to them, as if with a degree of surprise, "How is it that ye do not discern this time?"

The question is quite as appropriate to-day as it was nineteen centuries ago. Even in the light of all that modern invention has given to the world, there is still a timidity of thought on religious question; an instinctive impulse to believe that it is a little safer to cling to the past; a tendency on the part of many, when they see a new truth coming, as has been wittily said, "to crawl under a creed or a confession to protect themselves." Spiritual emancipation cannot be secured on this basis. I plead with the youth of this generation to take an intelligent part in the adjustment of truth to the new conditions which the marriage of Science and Religion now involves. Remember that accepting a set of ideas from a system of past formulations is not thinking for yourself. Study the creed and system of thought into which you were born. Weigh its claims in the balance of your own judgment, settle them in the court of your own conscience, asking for God's spirit to guide you in the study of the Scriptures and the book of nature. Thus, and thus only, can you be in a condition to "discern this time."

THE UNITARIAN EMPHASIS.

By REV. E. C. BUTLER.

In the beginning the Unitarian emphasis was on spirit as opposed to letter, character as opposed to creed. This was a distinct departure from previous standards; and, with it for our platform, our early battles were fought and victories gained. Other things were accented as natural developments from this affirmation: other things were yet to come as that development increased in scope and power; but here was where the genius of Unitarianism voiced itself in unhesitating speech. It was a long step in advance, a radical and complete departure from the conceptions of the time. It reversed the order of events. Although its movement may have existed in potential form time out of mind in wise forethinking souls, yet here it had never broken ground. The iron rule of creed and letter held its own, and sternly forbade the spirit's forelooking glance. In my own time I have listened to the statement, emphasized with all the power of a logic against which there is no contending, if you admit its premises, that character and conduct have nothing to do with eternal salvation. One ought to say just here that, however strongly this and kindred statements have been emphasized, yet their advocates were better than their theology. They were continually drawing wrong conclusions from right premises: they also drew right conclusions from wrong premises. It was a kind of heavenly confusion of the mental powers, a divine vertigo of the thinking faculty. Still there are diameters of distance between the affirmation that character has nothing to do with salvation and the equally emphatic affirmation that it has at least nine-tenths of everything to do with it. The two statements cannot be correct. If one is true, the other cannot be. The early Unitarian saw this. He had the courage of his convictions, and here he made his stand. Into the soil of a profound belief in the rightness of his spiritual and intellectual vision he drove his banner-pole, and around it rallied his forces of mind and heart to make his standing good.

There were giants in those days on both sides; for next in intellectual force and in sight, as well as courage and power, to him who leads the van is he who brings up the rear. Still the latter can, and quite usually does, take refuge in the Fabian tactics. He does not require the mental equipment of his antagonist who to the gift of prophecy and a discovering soul must add a serene intrepidity that never loses sight of the main issue in the midst of tumult and confusion. It was a great fight. It was over before our day. There is no longer any dispute with regard to it. It is admitted by those who have a right to know that character has to do with salvation. The only question is, how much. Concerning that we do not care to dispute. The first admission is the one that counts: the rest is only a matter of degrees.

That initial step was the first in a long journey not ended yet. The question of human nature was involved. The Unitarian emphasis had not yet discovered the weak place in its enemy's defence. The science of criticism was hardly born. The Bible was dogma, not literature. It was authority from which there was no resort. And so the venue was changed with the tribunal of time. The historical method was gradually developed, and applied to this great theme. Its results were living issues within the day of our middle-aged men. It was tentative at first, and its methods very gingerly applied. The Bible had been so long a fetich, far removed from the ordinary round of life and the tests we apply to common things, and the claims made for it were so simply astounding, that even scholars hardly dared to scrutinize it sharply. It should be studied upon one's knees, it was said. This feeling is extant yet. . . .

The old emphasis affirmed revelation, and nothing more. The new emphasis of Unitarianism also affirmed revelation; but it affirmed it, interpreted it, in terms of reason. The old affirmation said, "This is the word of God from title-page to colophon: to it nothing can be added, and from it nothing

can be taken away, not one jot or tittle, letter or punctuation point." The new Unitarian emphasis said: "Here are words of God, but there are other things besides. There are discrepancies, contradictions. There is erroneous chronology, historical inaccuracies, thousands of various readings. It is impossible to reconcile Genesis and geology. The Bible indeed teaches us how to go to heaven; but, when it attempts to teach us how the heavens go, it disagrees with the facts." All this is now the commonplace of Biblical criticism. But, when the historic method was first applied,—for here was where the Unitarian emphasis was placed,—great was the rattling in the dry bones of old theologies.

The outcry was loud and long. If such profane things as geology, ethnology, and historical criticism be applied to the holy Scriptures, the result will be the destruction of the religious spirit. That has not occurred, but something else has,—the destruction of the doctrine of plenary inspiration and the fall of man. The Unitarian emphasis was placed upon the rise and development of man from low conditions. It turned the question end for end. It denied his degradation and alienation from God, and established a vital relation between them,—an electric bond of sympathy, whose signal stations lie all along the line of human life.

Another step was made in advance in the emphasis of reason as the test of truth,—truth for authority, and not authority for truth. Here began the rapid development of the higher criticism.

I shall not attempt to explain that development. I will only say that it is an attempt to bring the results of human investigation to bear upon the study of the Scriptures with the single idea of getting at the facts.

Here was debatable territory. The ground was fought over again and again with much tumult and heart-burning. Here the emphasis of the new and the old theology confronted each other. It was distinctly affirmed that the doctrines of atonement and eternal punishment, a belief in the miraculous birth, the miracles, and the bodily resurrection, were the essentials of Christian faith. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned. On the other side, disbelief in these things was not absolutely affirmed; and by many they were still believed. It was felt in certain quarters that what a man who lived so near to God as Jesus did could or could not do was not for us to say, but a belief in them was not necessary to a belief in him. Still, as I say, the supernatural was not wholly eliminated; but the emphasis in that direction was steadily increasing. The influence of supernaturalism was losing its power. It was not found to be essential. Its use became less and less apparent. Supernaturalism is a denial of the uniformity of law. The steadfast order of natural law was coming to the front. Supernaturalism had lost its *raison d'être*. The veracity of God was pledged to account to us for whatever he had done. There was mystery and wonder enough. There were marvels manifold, but not a single one beyond the reign of law. With more or less of discussion we came at length to emphasize this together with the humanity of Jesus. We found his claims to authority to lie, not in a supposititious divinity or commercial atonement, or in his power over the realm of nature's forces, or in the uncertain and conflicting claim concerning his resurrection and ascension,—not in any or all of these, but in the moral magnitude of his character. Christianity itself is the best evidence of his power to lead. Here, then, was an affirmation with sufficient emphasis to last out the years of time. If Jesus was deity, he is an impossible ideal. If he was partly God and partly man, and yet neither one thing nor the other, he becomes both an impossible and an undesirable ideal. But, if he is what we think he claimed to be,—a mighty son of the human race, the tallest and fairest among his brethren,—he becomes the brilliant and possible ideal of the soul, a perpetual inspiration to noblest living and freest thinking for all the sons of men.

This was a great and liberating thought. Its ideal was—the truth at all hazards. In all the world there is nothing quite so good, because it is the open way to freedom; but it must be the freedom of truth, which is not a barn-yard fowl, prematurely born to be coddled in flannel in the artificial heat of the incubator of dogmatic theology. It is an eaglet, a nestling of the mountain

heights and the upper levels of freedom. It gains its power for flight and far-reaching vision by unhindered effort and outstaring the sun.

It became apparent that, if man is ever to be a truly religious being, it must be by attacking the problems of life, and thinking them out from beginning to end with the faculties God had given him for that express purpose, and that he has the right to do this without let or hindrance, and that only in this way can he ever arrive at the truth about things as it really is. It may require a long time and be never accomplished except in a relative sense, for absolute truth is the possession only of absolute being. But in the mean time there will be a steady gain; for man can do what he never could with any other emphasis,—challenge his own conclusions, test them from time to time, and see how they correspond with the facts discovered. His faith is like the sea itself, into which all the rivers run and yet is never full,—swept with stormy winds, giving back the shine of the sun by day and the glow of the stars by night, kept clean and fresh by the flux and flow of tides, and answering to the pull of heavenly law. The flag-staff was again carried onward and set higher up; and amidst its flowing stars was written a mighty word,—Liberty.

Oh, dear to us is liberty,—the right of every soul to think its thought to its legitimate conclusion, and the wrong of every denial, or imitation, or hindrance that bars its way! Yet there was denial. We would of course have expected it from without, but it also came from within. There were those of our own household of faith who could not accept an emphasis so strenuous and drastic. It was felt by them that this was going too far. They said, "This is extreme." "We know it," was the reply; "but it must be one extreme or the other. If you will not have reason, then you must have Rome. There can be no half-way in the matter. If you cannot have a complete rationalism, you had better have a dignified ritualism." By slow increments of change, that came to be. The logic of our position sent some of us back into the mother church and the rest of us forward into the liberty wherewith we feel that Christ has made us free.

A little breathless from the strain and stress of the conflict, we looked about us, not knowing exactly what to do with the fruits of our victory. Liberty is the best thing in the world, but it is very close to being the worst thing in the world. Fortunately, about this time "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" was heard,—"Here is the way of the Lord: prepare ye to walk in it"; and Charles Darwin began to tell us the method of creative power. If there was ever prophetic vision and utterance, it was granted him.

What a time it was! How we rejoiced together over his books! and then, when Herbert Spencer began to recite his first principles, it seemed as though our cup was full. It was a new spring of power, not only in our intellectual, but our religious and ethical life as well,—a fresh and genuine force released into existence. It really seemed as if God had revealed himself anew. It required some time for us to readjust ourselves to the new data, and many mistakes were made. Some were doubtful if Darwinism did not displace Deity. The doctrine of final causes died hard. Not long since a minister, not a Unitarian, preached a sermon in my own church, in which he said that in the opinion of modern infidelity, whatever that may mean, God had abdicated his sovereignty in favor of a blind infant called evolution, a child looking neither backward nor forward, trusting its eternal welfare to the hands of a senseless law. There was no use in suggesting to him that his definition was not competent, that evolution is simply the way in which God works. He reiterated his impatient denial. He voiced the feeling of his class now suffering a happy transformation. Their emphasis with respect to this doctrine is losing its note of power. But we can all remember, at least those of us who have come to forty years, the genuine dismay and aversion with which the doctrine of evolution was regarded. No wonder! It reversed entirely the old system of theology. If it was true, their scheme of salvation was a mistake. They had confused the plan of creation, the order of human development, and got the whole thing wrong end foremost. It was really a change in the front of the universe. It upset all human calculation, so far as our

planet was concerned. There must be a reassembling of the data of ethics. The outlook was formidable. One needed to be very sure before he went far in this direction. We must break with old acquaintance and association, and, leaving our fathers' tents behind us with all the old familiar habitudes of life, go forth into a strange new world, where as yet we were not certain whether we should have a pillar of cloud and a fire to lead us. Warnings were not lacking. They came from high places, spoken in strong voices. They were emphasized sufficiently to satisfy any one who did not feel in his heart the "Thus saith the Lord."

There were young men among us who dreamed dreams and saw visions. They thought they saw that, while Darwin and Spencer made many mistakes, yet they had established certain canons of thought which cannot be successfully contravened. They had been suggested, it might be long before; but it remained for them to develop the scientific method. To use the words of Emerson, "The man who has the facts is the one who will be heard." To all vituperation and the shower of infelicitous epithets, the loud assertions, "If these things are true, then is our faith vain," there was returned the calm reply: "I have nothing to do with that: the only question that concerns me is, Are they true? If you can traverse their genuineness and authenticity, none will be gladder than I; but, with my present light, I can do no otherwise."

Here was a period in our history when there had come to pass once more the fulness of time. A new light had dawned upon the minds of men, only a premonitory ray as yet, but the acolyte of a sunburst that should brighten the dark and gloomy recesses of men's thinking, and bring, at last, a better day.

I claim that, in establishing the tide-water mark of our emphasis, the Unitarian Church gave a distinct impulse to religious thinking. I know that it has become the *of course* with a large share of those who are influential factors in the religious world, that books are written by conservative scholars taking evolution for their starting-point. In some form it enters into the thinking and doing of our common life. But it was not so when the Unitarian emphasis was first established here. The time is not very far away when the words "evolution," "development," were like the red rag in the arena of controversy.

But time brings its revenges around. There is much of tumult and confusion; but above all there is one clear note, the mild voice of the Nazarene,—"Ye shall know the truth, and it shall make you free,"—the truth, and how to get it. The latest emphasis of Unitarian scholarship in this direction is the scientific method,—the elicitation of facts and the generalizing of laws and principles from them. We may be mistaken as to the facts, we may blunder and fumble in our conclusions. That is to be expected. All we claim is that the scientific method is the true way to get at the facts of life, and that there is nothing in nature or life, in the heavens or earth, too holy, too sacred, to be scrutinized sharply, interrogated sternly, as to its right to be heard. There is enough of mystery beyond our utmost skill to solve, but across it no veil of secrecy is drawn. "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

We do not deny inspiration. We only say that it, also, yields to the same law that holds the world in the hollow of its hand; and with that, as with all other things, there is but one method of interpretation, one question only need be asked,—What are the facts?

In the mean time we are endeavoring to set our household of faith firmly on this basis. If we ever educated our young men to any preconceived conclusions other than those established by the scientific method as the eternal yea and nay of the mighty of hosts, we do it no longer. In our schools theology is taught upon scientific bases. We are ready at any time for reconstruction or modification, if the facts make it necessary. They are the main thing; and we may truthfully say that we worship the God of things as they are, and we feel that, so far from leading us astray, it is the strait and narrow path that leadeth to eternal life. So far from being the barren or unfruitful path, it blossoms with the richest

rewards of the intellectual and spiritual life. So far from producing sceptics or unbelievers, it produces devotees, whose passion is the truth and whose delight is the law of the Lord. We feel that we are in the direct line of succession in which before us walked the transcendent sons of God.

> "And what of good the past hath had
> Remains to make our own time glad."

We stand committed to the methods of the higher criticism, not always to its results. We know too well the limitations of the human understanding and how easy it is to make mistakes. But the method of that criticism we feel sure is the only one worth considering, and we are willing to rest our present and immediate future upon it. We know no other way but this. Yet we would go carefully, not rashly. We would be patient and considerate, feeling that we shall thereby be no losers, and that, if we are watchful and humble and studious, we shall find that our new day has hardly yet seen the first streaks of morning light. Its meridian glory is yet far on in a future of the glory of which we do not even dream. For our faith abides not in ancient places of the dead, nor even —I say it with all reverence—does it linger about the slopes of Calvary's hill. We yield to none in reverence of that wondrous story; but we follow not that Christ nor even the one which is, but the valiant heart, the kindlier hand, the Christ that is to be. We think we see him as he stands on the threshold of the new century. We listen with kindling and surrendered hearts for his commanding words. For this is a time of waiting. There are omens and portents that betoken changes of moment in society; and, if the Church is to be his church, it must play the man's part. It will be time, not far ahead, for a replacement of emphasis and the God-terminus to be set further on. Here is the place and time to say that the individualism for which we have stood so long has about done its work. It was good in its time and way; but I fancy that time is done with, and that a new dispensation and a new gospel are at hand. Perhaps I am wrong. If so, it will go for naught. But I feel a little the spirit of prophecy upon me, and will venture to predict that, if the Unitarian Church is to be one of the prevailing influences in the twentieth century, it must forget its individualism, and emphasize a noble socialism as the hope of the race. I do not think there is to be any great revolution. I do not hope for that, but for a wise and wholesome evolution, in which all men's good shall be each man's will, and a condition of things prevail such as Goethe hoped never to see, where every man shall be his neighbor's benevolent brother.

I will rest with this, conscious that what I have said has been mainly ethical in its bearings. But then, according to Matthew Arnold, "Religion is nine parts ethics to one part emotion." There are shadowy and gracious faces turning toward us; and they smile with finger upon lip, and that is enough. Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof. To-morrow is in the hands of God. It may be that Unitarianism is destined to extinction. If our emphasis is misplaced, it certainly will be. We court inquiry: we fear no criticism, however sharp. The tests of time sift all pretensions, and we submit to them with gladness. Is there not in this truth-seeking room for infinite hope? Is there any place for discouragement? Do we not rather think the thoughts of God and follow the beckoning of his hand?

> "We gain not heaven by a single bound,
> But we build the ladder by which we rise;
> And we climb to its summit round by round,
> From the lowly earth to the lofty skies."

I should like to say to our young men how hopeful the outlook seems to me.

And when I hear, as I sometimes do, one voicing his apprehension that our faith has done its work, I am not angry: I only pity him, and wish him a manlier, saner, more wholesome fashion of thinking. If it has done its part, let it go. It will only be because we have lost our vision of God in his world.

"My Father worketh hitherto," said our leader, "and I work." Those are the words for us. Until God ceases to work, our occupation is not gone. We may make mistakes; but, if we will only be honest in our thought, and keep on thinking, not shirking results or dodging conclusions, and be equally honest with our people, although we displease them for a time, as we cross the track of cherished prejudice, they will

come back to us. And, oh, we shall find the Truth long sought for and much desired! She does not easily yield her favors. Her lovers must hunger and thirst and burn. But then at last, when she has proved them, she turns toward them with a smile in whose brightness the world is lost and heaven found.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old,—
Lord of our far-flung battle line,—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,—
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire.
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law,—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling, in the London Times.*

The most satisfactory way to make money is from labor that benefits others while it brings profit to one's self. To any organization in any Unitarian church, such as a Women's Alliance, a Unity Club or guild desiring to increase its treasury, the *Unitarian* offers the BEST POSSIBLE WAY. This opportunity will be fully explained on application by letter.

THINGS AND MEANINGS.

A MONUMENTAL structure of wood has just been erected over the grave containing the ashes of the late Du Maurier, whose body was cremated according to his directions. The structure is ornamented at the head and foot of the grave with uprights, out of which is carved a form of ancient Celtic cross. From the uprights runs a centre piece, on which appears the following inscription, the closing lines being the conclusion of "Trilby": "George Busson du Maurier. Born in Paris 6th March, 1834. Died in London 8th October, 1896. A little trust that when we die, We reap our sowings, and so—good-bye."

THE following letter to his daughter by Victor Hugo reveals the delicacy, lightness, playfulness, tenderness, and withal the reverence of the really great mind:—

"I have seen the sea, some fine churches, and some pretty country. The sea is large, the churches are handsome, the country is pretty. But the country is not as pretty as you, the churches are not as handsome as your mamma, and the sea is not as great as my love for you all. . . . I have just been walking on the beach and thinking of you, my poor little darling. I gathered this flower for you on the sand-hills. It is a white pansy which has been often watered by the foam of the ocean. Keep it for daddy's sake, who is so fond of you. I wrote your name on the sand, Didi. To-night the rising tide will obliterate it, but nothing can ever obliterate your father's love for you. . . . See, my child, how great God is and how small we are,—where we put dots of ink, he puts suns. These are the letters with which he writes. The sky is his book. I shall bless God, my Didine, if you are always able to read it; and I hope you may."

THE KING of Siam is visiting England. He goes everywhere, and displays the greatest interest in everything he sees. He is as great on questions as Li Hung Chang. On his visit to the House of Lords he was impressed by the famous canvas therein,

representing Moses descending from Mount Sinai, bearing the tables of the law. The king's knowledge did not extend to this subject; and, upon being told what the painting represented, he asked, "And who was Moses?"

DR. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, of Brown University, Providence, has resigned the presidency of that institution because of the expressed disapproval by the trustees of his views on the silver question. The trustees explained that "not a renunciation of these views, as honestly entertained by him, but a forbearance, out of regard for the interests of the university, to promulgate them, especially when to promulgate them will appeal most strongly to the passions and prejudices of the public," was desired by them. President Andrews, in his letter of resignation, says:—

"Believing that, however much I might desire to do so, I should find myself unable to meet the wishes of the corporation, as explained by the special committee officially appointed to confer with me on the interests of the university, without surrendering that reasonable liberty of utterance which my predecessors, my faculty, colleagues, and myself have hitherto enjoyed, and in the absence of which the most ample endowment for an educational institution would have but little worth, I respectfully resign the presidency of the university, and also my professorship therein, to take effect not later than the first day of the approaching September."

DR. MARTINEAU, who has just celebrated his ninety-second birthday, is one of the few living authors whose literary activity dates from the beginning of the Victorian reign. Dr. Martineau published his first book, "The Rationale of Religious Inquiry," in 1837.

DR. GILMOUR, warden of the central prison, Toronto, in moving the resolution of thanks to the Prisoners' Aid Association at the annual meeting of the society this year, remarked upon the proneness of people to regard offenders against the law as somehow cut off from common sympathy and sentiment. His experience, he said, brief though it had been, had taught him otherwise. Among his wards all classes are represented, the professions as well,—those who have transgressed in a moment of weakness and those to whom weakness has become habitual. His opinion of the amenability of prisoners to higher influences agrees with that of M. Ammitzboell, director of prisons in Denmark, who stated before the congress at St. Petersburg that, of three thousand who had passed through his hands, not one had been found incorrigible. "I have never seen a man so bad but there was not some good in him," said Dr. Gilmour, epigrammatically, "nor a man so good that there was not some bad in him."

THE COUNTRY CHILDREN.

I can see the happy children
As they wander through the grasses
Of the fresh and dewy pastures
Or the tangled forest passes.
I can track them as they wander
By the trail of morning glories,
I can read their happy footsteps,
I can spell their pleasant stories.

Oh, I know the paths of children
Up the hills and in the valleys:
Buttercups and faded daisies
Mark their sorties and their sallies.
By the butternuts and beeches
I can mark their resting-places,
And I know the mossy brook-sides
And the wide green open spaces.

Where the wild white plum-tree blossoms,
Where the grape-vine swings and tosses,
Where the plumes of scarlet sumach
Wave among the wayside mosses,
Where the goldenrod in autumn
Flames among the hazel bushes,—
There the conquering army wanders,
There the scouting party pushes.

Oh, but they are kings and nobles,
As they wander thus together:
Cloth-of-gold is all the common
To their feet in summer weather.
Up and down, in field and meadow,
I can see their glowing faces;
And by scarlet leaves and berries
I can mark their resting-places.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL.*

BY CHARLES C. EVERETT, D.D.

There is, perhaps, no department of the University so little understood, and so misunderstood, as the Divinity School. The difficulty arises in part from the fact that in some respects it differs from every other theological seminary in the country, and yet more from the fact that it differs greatly from its own past self. It was formerly a strictly denominational school, having no teachers, and rarely students, who were not Unitarian. Now Unitarian students are in the minority, while half its regular teachers, and nearly all its assistant teachers, are connected with orthodox churches. At one period of its past history it admitted students with the slightest pretence of examination; for a brief time, indeed, without this pretence. Latterly, at least until the change in this respect recently made by the Law School, its requirements have been higher than those of any other department of the University. For the last few years about half its students have been graduates of other theological seminaries. At one time it announced in its circular that financial aid would be given to any student who could pursue its studies. Now no help is given to any student who does not reach a certain grade of scholarship. Formerly it had a fixed curriculum arranged for each class. Now it gives large opportunity for election.

I will present these various aspects of the School somewhat more in detail.

Its Undenominationalism.

All who know anything about the school know that it calls itself undenominational. There may be some who read this who do not realize to what extent the title is deserved. Of the eight teachers who, with the president, form its Faculty, four are Unitarian, three are orthodox Congregational, and one is a Baptist. A non-resident teacher of homilectics, who next year will be an assistant professor, is Unitarian. Of three other teachers who have less intimate relation to the school, one is an Episcopalian and two are Methodists.

No pains are taken to learn the denominational relations of students even when they are applicants for aid. These, however, in most cases, naturally disclose themselves. In the year 1895–96 there were in the school: orthodox Congregational, 15; Unitarian, 11; Methodist, 5; Presbyterian, 4; Episcopalian, 3; Baptist, 2; Disciples of Christ, 1; Christian Connection, 1.

During the present year, the denominational relations of students are as follows: Unitarian, 12; orthodox Congregational, 6; Episcopalian, 7; Baptist, 3; Presbyterian, 2; Disciples of Christ, 1; Christian Connection, 1; Universalist, 1; unknown, 3.

Of the 58 graduates and resident graduates of the last three years, 2 are regularly preaching in Baptist churches, 2 in churches of the Disciples of Christ, 5 in Methodist, 13 in orthodox Congregational, 6 in Presbyterian, 18 in Unitarian churches, 1 is a professor, and 4 are still in the school.

A few years ago one of our professors changed his denominational relations. This change attracted little attention. No one questioned his right to do this. In how many theological schools could such a change have been quietly made, or, indeed, made at all? No oversight is exercised over the instruction of any teacher. The Visiting Committee rarely thinks it worth while to visit us. No teacher is responsible for any other or to any other.

Its Relation to Unitarianism.

Some Unitarians appear to believe that the change from the position of a simple Unitarian school to that of an undenominational one was brought about by the action of the University authorities for the sake of the University. That this was done for good and sufficient reasons may be admitted; but at the same time, so it is thought, the act was performed against the wishes and the interests of the Unitarian body. It is worth calling attention to the fact that the present position of the school is the result of Unitarian action, or has been reached with the cordial sympathy and encouragement of Unitarians.

The school was founded by "The Society for Promoting Theological Education." The society was Unitarian, and devoted to the interests of Unitarianism. It was this

*This article has already appeared in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine.*

society that inserted into its charter the sentence which prescribes that "no assent to the peculiarities of any denomination of Christians shall be required either of the instructors or students."

In 1847 John Davis Williams, a prominent Unitarian, left a fund to the school to be used in the aid of indigent students of theology. This fund, the interest of which now amounts to $4,000, is one of the chief sources of such assistance. In making this bequest Mr. Williams insisted that no student should "be debarred from this charity by reason of entertaining any peculiar modes of faith, it being always understood that he must be a Protestant." The requirement that the student must be a Protestant is the exception that proves the rule. It shows that Mr. Williams insisted on the absence of any denominational test in the use of the funds with a clear understanding of the meaning of the words, and with an earnest purpose that they should be taken literally.

When on the occasion of seeking an additional endowment for the school, in 1878–79, President Eliot said, "The government of the University cannot undertake to appoint none but Unitarian teachers, or to grant any peculiar favor to Unitarian students," the announcement was received by the Unitarian body with enthusiasm. Dr. Bellows, the most typical Unitarian of his time, was especially enthusiastic. He went from place to place preaching the doctrine of an undenominational training for ministers. It was he who made possible the obtaining of the required endowment. To the idea of an undenominational theological school the Unitarian body responded so heartily that the sum of $140,000, the largest sum raised for any purpose by this body in recent years, was obtained with comparatively little difficulty. It was felt that such a school was the fulfilment of the Unitarian ideal. I cannot believe that the Unitarians of the present day are less liberal and less far-sighted than the Unitarians of the past. Of course, after the battle had been won under the stimulus of this war-cry, if the school had remained practically a Unitarian institution, it would have been placed in a false and even ridiculous position.

It should be added that, in the address from which I have just quoted, President Eliot said that "the doctrines of the unsectarian sect called Unitarians are indeed entitled to respectful exposition in the school so long as it exists, simply because the school was founded, and for two generations at least has been supported, by Unitarians." Later, in one of his annual reports, he recognized the fact that such respectful hearing would imply at least two Unitarian professors, one of whom should be a teacher of theology. This is the only restriction upon the undenominational character of the school; and I have never heard it objected to from any quarter. In fact, it guards the position which it seems to limit. No orthodox body would think a theological seminary encumbered with Unitarian professors and Unitarian theology worth stealing.

Though the Unitarian and non-Unitarian teachers of the school are now so nearly balanced in number, it may surprise some to learn that there were never more Unitarian teachers in the school than there are at present. The number of teachers who are not Unitarian marks the increase in its teaching force. Further, the Unitarian students were never so much brought under denominational influences as at present. Finding themselves in a minority, they formed a Unitarian club, the existence of which is a striking illustration of the undenominational character of the school. To this club a large proportion of the Unitarian ministers of the neighborhood belong. The club meets at their houses, and the students have the stimulus resulting from this association. This condition of things is an extremely good illustration of the manner in which in the whole University the evils which threaten to result from its large and free methods tend to bring with them their own correction.

Its Elective System.

In 1883, when the elective system was first introduced into the school, there were offered forty hours of instruction a week, of which thirty were required for the degree. This year some seventy-nine hours of teaching are announced, about the same number as before being required for the degree. Of course, only a small portion of the instruction

thus announced can be actually given; but it is there to be had for the asking. The faculty has recently voted that two college or graduate courses, approved for the purpose, may be counted for the degree of D.B., which vastly enlarges the number of electives; while, of course, like all students of the university, the divinity student is freely admitted to lectures in any department. The electives taken by each student are submitted to the faculty for approval. Practically the only limit is the requirement that a candidate for the degree shall have entirely neglected no one of the chief departments of study.

Its Graduate School.

If the school consisted merely of students who are candidates for the degree of D.B., such an array of elective studies would be hardly needed. In fact, however, in these later years its members have been largely made up of men who had already graduated from a theological seminary. No department of the university, and no other theological seminary in the country known to me, has developed so large a graduate school in proportion to its numbers. In the year 1896–97, out of 41 students, 20 were graduates. Six of those entered our Senior Class in order to receive our degree of D.B. The present year, out of 38 students, 18 are graduates. Of these three have joined our Senior Class.

I have heard it sometimes suggested that these graduate students come to the school very largely in order to obtain instruction in the college at what have been divinity school rates. The figures show that this is very rarely, if ever, the case. Of the 20 graduate students in the school last year, 10 took one college course each, 1 took two college courses, and 1 took a half-course. This year, out of 18 graduate students, 5 take one college course each, and 4 take two each. The privilege of enlarging the opportunities of study in the school by attendance on instruction in the college and graduate school is one greatly to be prized. At the same time it is interesting to see that students come chiefly for the sake of what they gain from the school itself. Figures already given may illustrate the ease with which graduates and graduate students of the school obtain settlements. This fact shows the kind of men that come to it; for such settlement depends upon the character of the men and their fitness for their chosen work more than upon anything else.

Attendance.

While the number of students is still small, it has had a fairly steady increase during the last few years. During the ten years beginning with 1887–88, the annual attendance has been as follows: 16, 26, 35, 41, 39, 41, 47, 50, 41, 38. From the fact that so many of its students are graduates of other schools, and the fact that its elective system allows a man to remain a year or two taking what studies he thinks he needs, or that it can furnish best, and then to go to some other school or enter prematurely his profession, it follows that the size of the graduating class furnishes every year a very imperfect indication of the number of men actually present.

Requirements.

No person can enter the school as a candidate for the degree of D.B. who has not received the degree of A.B., representing a course of study approved by the Faculty, or unless he has received an education equivalent to that represented by this degree in a good college. This requirement has been enforced so strictly that since 1885 no student has graduated without the degree of A.B. except two or three foreign students who could not be expected to bring this degree with them. Indeed, the qualification was named chiefly to meet the case of students who had studied abroad. To enter the school as a special student, one must pass an examination in Latin and Greek such as is required by a good New England college. It is so much more difficult to enter the school as a special student than it is to take a similar position in the college that in several cases men have joined the college in this way merely in order to attend divinity school courses.

Financial Aid.

The proportion of students receiving help is large in nearly all theological seminaries. It is so in the Harvard School. In this no student is thus helped who does not reach

on his examinations at least an average grade of B. When such help is given, it is with the understanding that, if this grade is not maintained, the help will be withdrawn. Candidates for admission are informed of this before they join the school; and, if they think they cannot here obtain the aid which they need or wish, they go elsewhere. Partly for this reason the standing of the school in the matter of scholarship is very good.

Its Fee.

An important step has just been taken in the raising of the fee of the school to an equality with that of the College and the Law School. Before this step was taken, the school was distinguished from most theological seminaries in the country by the fact that it made a charge for tuition and room rent, even though the charge, from the college point of view, seemed so small. By the raising of the fee the position of the school becomes absolutely unique. What the effect of this will be, so far as attendance is concerned, cannot yet be conjectured. Thus far letters of inquiry on the part of young men looking forward for the ministry have been at least as numerous as ever, possibly more so, since in view of the change more pains have been taken in the matter of advertisement. In each advertisement the fee of $150 has been made specially prominent. I may say that for the two Williams Fellowships offered to graduates of any theological seminary for next year, fourteen applications have been received, a larger number than ever before.

The School in the Past.

In speaking of the advance in requirement and in scholarship that has taken place in later years, I may seem to have done injustice to the past history of the school. In requiring a collegiate education for the candidates for its degree, the school has simply gone back to its early tradition. Up to 1829 every graduate of the school was a college graduate. Up to 1843, with one exception, not more than one graduate in any class was without the A.B. or the A.M., and in most classes all had one or the other of these degrees. From that time the descent to the condition of things to which I referred was very gradual. When these were at their worst, there were in the school men of high scholarship who have done and are doing distinguished work, while of those less perfectly prepared some have rendered efficient and honorable service to the cause that claimed their life.

Why is the School not Larger?

The school, as has been shown, has increased in the last ten years. It has not, however, increased as other departments of the University have done. The question is often asked, and sometimes in an unfriendly spirit, why this is the case. The answer to this question is found in the facts that have just been stated. The special principles that the school represents are directly opposed to the idea of theological education that has prevailed in this country since theological education has been recognized here. This idea has been that each denomination should have a seminary in which the student should be taught the precise theology that he was expected to preach. Indeed, the denominational seminary was too broad. Each wing or school of the denomination felt that it must have its special seminary. Moreover, each denomination thought that it should have its college also, so that the training of its future ministers could be watched over during its whole course. They were to be cultivated as if under glass, so that no rude wind of other doctrine should visit them. The idea of a seminary in which the Bible and the history of the Church should be studied as freely as Homer and the history of Rome are studied in our colleges; in which theology should be studied more freely than philosophy is studied in some of our colleges; in which the teachers not holding allegiance to a common creed should speak each his own thought, regardless of what other teachers were saying; in which the student should be encouraged to think his own thought rather than expected to take that of the teacher,—the idea, in a word, of a seminary that had for its object nothing narrower than the advancement of theology, and the training of ministers without regard to the denomination to which they were to belong,—all this, in anything like the degree in which it is sought at Harvard,

is something new in our American theological education. Moreover, the idea has been that teaching and rooms should be furnished to theological students gratuitously. The notion that men preparing for the ministry should pay their way as men do who are fitting themselves for other professions was almost unheard of.

I am not here defending the Harvard idea, nor do I criticise other schools. They have done and are doing good work in the fields that they have chosen. I do not imply that their teachers do not utter their own thoughts freely. They are selected carefully as men whose thought is that for which the seminary exists. The fish cannot live out of water, but that is no matter of constraint. It does not want to live out of water. Many of our seminaries have grown larger and broader in spite of attempted restraint. I merely wish to emphasize the Harvard idea, and to make it clear why the school has not grown more rapidly. The idea of theological education that has prevailed in the past and that prevails to-day is against it. The school is small; it may become smaller yet. It is prepared to accept the consequences of its course, whatever they may be. The past is against it, the present may not much favor it; but we believe that the future at least, and a future not so very remote, will recognize its place and its work.

RELIGION IN AMERICA.

A recent number of the *Nouvelle Revue* contains an article by M. de Coubertin, giving his impressions of religion in America. The American edition of the *Review of Reviews* translates and summarizes as follows:

In America the spheres of religion and the State are constitutionally distinct. The government professes to ignore the existence of religion, and yet prayer is an invariable accompaniment of all manifestations of the national life.

No foundation stone is laid, no important meeting is held, without an appeal for the divine assistance. Congress has its chaplain, the State legislatures request many ministers of different creeds to preside at the openings of their sittings; in the President's message he summons the people to unite in a common thanksgiving toward the Sovereign Ruler of the world; in the public schools the Bible is read to children and commented upon; the rules of the army and navy contain provision for the regular celebration of divine worship; and, what is still more significant, the laws relating to property are in favor of benefactions for religious objects.

M. de Coubertin observes that there is one article in the American Constitution which is understood, and which does not appear in the text, but which is in full vigor; namely, "the Christian religion is the religion of the State."

What is this Christian religion? It has undergone an evolution between the years 1620 and 1893. The men of the seventeenth century held a somewhat rigid and intolerant creed. The civilization of Asia and of Europe was odious to them, and their idea of moral regeneration was based upon a stern austerity. It is a different picture in 1893. There is a great assembly of religions. A cardinal of the Roman Church presides. Around him are represented the various Protestant sects, the priests of Buddha, dignitaries of Islam, deputations from the most distant and the most ancient monasteries and temples in the world. We see that what is lost to dogma is gained to sentiment. On the shore of Lake Michigan meets indeed a council, but it is a council without anathema and without excommunication. M. de Coubertin goes on to deal with the curious religious phenomena of America, such as "the revivals." The Americans are essentially more sentimental than any other nation in the world, and this singular religious hypnotism to which they seem to abandon themselves in these revivals is the marvel of all visitors to America.

Mormonism appears to retain largely its hold upon its adherents. Brigham Young displayed an almost Satanic ingenuity in his teaching of polygamy, for the result has been that the younger generation of Mormons are prevented by public opinion from entering other religious bodies, where they are regarded as illegitimate; and hence it is that the Mormon community is more stable and holds together better than any other religious body except, possibly, the Church of Rome.

M. de Coubertin has a very high opinion of American charity, which is usually anonymous and extremely self-denying.

Perhaps the most ordinary feature of American religious life is the practice of exchanging pulpits. This practice has an extraordinary influence on sermons in America. Thus, if a Baptist minister accepts an invitation to preach in a Presbyterian chapel or if a Congregationalist minister is preaching to Lutherans, it is not with the intention of being disagreeable and of wounding the convictions of his hearers. On the contrary, the preacher seeks, as the Parliament of Religions did at Chicago, for points of agreement, and not of difference. The clergy in America are usually very well educated; and their social influence continues to increase, while their religious rôle decreases.

Of course, with all this there is a certain vague eclecticism, which is curiously seen in the dedication of a church in California to "God Universal."

COMMON THINGS.

Give me, dear Lord, thy magic common things,
Which all can see, which all may share,—
Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea,—
Nothing unique or new, and nothing rare.

Just daisies, knap-weed, wind among the thorns;
Some clouds to cross the blue old sky above;
Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a heart,
The common glory of a woman's love.

Then, when my feet no longer tread old paths
(Keep them from fouling sweet things anywhere),
Write one old epitaph in grace-lit words,—
"Such things look fairer that he sojourned here."

—*Spectator.*

KEEPING SABBATH.

Among the more remarkable of the newly published "Logia" of Jesus is one bidding the disciples observe the Sabbath. It is very naturally felt that this is hardly in accord with the spirit of the teaching in the gospel that "the Sabbath was made for man," but did not Jesus say he came to fulfil the law? The whole history of the subject illustrates the division of feeling between rigidity of ceremonialism and the liberty of reverent intelligence.

A story is told that a certain Rabbi Solomon fell into a slough on a Saturday, and would not suffer a Christian to pull him out because it was the Jewish Sabbath; and the next day the Christian would not pull him out because it was the Christian Sabbath. But the true principle of Sabbath observance sets us free from such mental bondage. Those Jews who would not visit a sick relative on the Sabbath because the distance was over two thousand paces were slaves to the letter of the law, and did not remember that the Sabbath was made for man. Those who brought ladders, ropes, and pulleys to lift the ox out of the pit, would have deserved praise, had they been actuated by humane feeling instead of a mere desire to save their property. The casuists of the Roman Church show their good sense in allowing medical men to visit their patients on Sundays and notaries to receive wills, butchers to kill their meat and farmers in some conditions of weather to reap and sow. But excepting such cases of necessity—of which they give a list—they regard work on holy days as a mortal sin.

Lists and codes are a mistake: it would be wiser to teach the general principle that the Sabbath was made for man. That will guide us as to whether we may write a letter, or work the pumps of a fire-engine, or drive to church, employing horse and coachman, or take a railway journey. If the journey is to fetch a physician, go. If the letter is to cheer a friend, write it: if it is only on worldly, money-making business, defer it. If the drive to church enables either you or a feeble friend to be at a service when you could not walk, there is something to be said for the arrangement. Your coachman can come within the door: your horse can rest on Saturday, like a Jew.

But, in judging of the circumstances, we must keep in mind the principle that we are to seek the highest good, for ourselves and for others. If Jesus had said to the Jew, "Instead of two thousand paces you may walk five miles," he would not have mended matters: five miles is labor to one, and recreation to another. One doctor lives six miles away, another is close at hand. Hard and fast rules are for children and the ignorant, and it is better that each should be a law unto himself; but, then, it was not intended that law should become

license. Sabbath leisure is too precious to go uncultivated. I went by the field of the slothful; and, lo! it was grown over with thorns and nettles, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. I reproved the man for his folly; but he said he was within his rights: the field was made for man, and not man for the field. It was true, indeed; yet, while he was idle, the field was not made for him. And, if he and his family danced upon it, there would still have been no corn at harvest time. There is no harm in a Sunday walk,—nay, there may be benefit to body and mind in an hour spent in lanes and fields; but the day is long enough for walk and worship, too. When Jesus walked through the corn-fields on the Sabbath, he did not spend the whole day in the occupation. Our Sunday reading need not be confined to the Bible, nor to Zimmermann on Solitude and Drelincourt on Death; but we shall scarcely benefit by society newspapers and Marie Corelli's novels. It is not necessary to afflict the soul, and much less should we condemn our children to painful restriction and dulness; but let us not turn the Sabbath into a bank holiday or a day for cycling and picnics.

Sunday in itself may be no holier than other days; but, then, every day is sacred. Wise people, though not "esteeming one day above another," will strive to raise all other days to the level of the Sabbath. The Sunday should be, and may be, the brightest and happiest day of all the week, and all the more so because a part of it is spent in attending public worship. Some one has said, "If you could take the spring out of the year and youth out of life, you would not do a greater injury to the human race than if you took Sunday out of the week."—*Inquirer.*

The most satisfactory way to make money is from labor that benefits others while it brings profit to one's self. To any organization in any Unitarian church, such as a Women's Alliance, a Unity Club or guild desiring to increase its treasury, the *Unitarian* offers the BEST POSSIBLE WAY. This opportunity will be fully explained on application by letter.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

"In the Lord I put my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?"—PSALM xi. 1.

My soul is a bird
Flying so free.
My soul is a bird
Thy happy eyes see.
Through its music is heard
Thy love's holy word.
True may it be
And loving as thee,
My soul that's a bird
Flying so free,
Singing
And winging
In thee,
Lord, in thee!

My soul is a flower
Blooming so sweet.
My soul is a flower
Thy happy smiles greet.
Thy truth sends the shower,
Thy love sends the heat,
That my soul as a flower
Its being complete.
My soul is a flower
Thy happy eyes see,
Blooming,
Perfuming,
For thee,
Lord, for thee!

My soul is a child,
Love in its eyes.
My soul is a child.
Unto thee are its cries!
The earth hath beguiled
Thy heart undefiled,
That it may arise
Thy love, holy, wise,
In me as thy child
Thy happy eyes see,
Smiling,
Beguiling,
To thee,
Lord, to thee!

There are many storms that buffet. There are many arrows that are winged of death. Whither shall we find refuge from the storm? Where shall we hide from the black arrows that are eager for our destruction? Not in the mountains of my own righteousness, for the storms crown these with the deadly lightnings. Not to the strength that belongs to my own wisdom, for enmity will find its defences frail. Flee-

ing to these, the soul is like the bewildered bird flying into the snare, thinking it a safe refuge. In them is no defying fastness, no hidden cave, no peaceful nest.

But in the secret places of my soul where Thou dwellest, Lord, is safety. The mountains of thy holiness are a safe defence, a sure refuge. There would my soul flee as a frightened bird. No arrows of death can search those heights. In fastness of those hills no fowler can snare.

Thou takest me into thy heart until the storm is overpast. How safe the great peace of thy soul! What a sunny, holy deliverance from every danger of sin! What pure skies thy love weaves, that my soul may fly and sing out its praises! Truly, thou art the home of my soul. There flee I as a bird to its mountain. From thence fly I forth with strength in my wings and sweetness in my song, to enchant the lower winds with something of that heavenliness.

My refuge is in thee, the Perfect, who guidest me through flying arrows, who giveth me the victory over sin, and whose name is the beauty of my praise that sings that victory. "Therefore will I not fear, for thou makest me to dwell in safety."

From the mountains of thy holiness I can send the victorious arrows until all the plain of my lowest life is swept of the foes, and becomes a habitation of peace where thou mayest walk with me in holy comradeship. In my lowest, outermost life will be the footfalls of thy holiness, and the winds sweet with thy discourses of love. Sin cannot hurt more, sorrow cannot wound: Death lifts its veil of darkness, and, lo! is the shining of thine own face.

Until this blessed consummation shall come, grant me ever to see thy light in my darkness. Grant me to follow that light until I see thy face filled with the peace that is eternal. When I cannot feel them, grant me to trust that the everlasting arms are underneath, keeping me unto my soul's satisfying in thy perfect love. Then will the nights be rest, and the days praise. Then will thy soul rejoice in my soul that is perfecting. PASTOR QUIET.

We live no more of our time than we spend well.—*Carlyle.*

STEPHEN H. CAMP.

Mr. Camp was born in Windsor, Conn., near the city of Hartford, May 29, 1837. He was the son of James and Huldah (Moffat) Camp, and one of nine children.

Mr. James Camp moved with his family to Rochester, N.Y., when his son Stephen was a boy of fourteen.

At fifteen, in the year 1852, he entered a machine-shop in Rochester; and a few years later he went to Milwaukee to follow his trade.

Here the young man, cherishing high aspirations, came under the influence of that noble soul, Rev. Nahor Augustus Staples, who recognized his rare natural qualities, and opened a way to his entering the School of Divinity at Meadville, Penn., in September, 1859. Four years were passed there of great enjoyment and profit. The opportunity was eagerly seized. Mind and soul expanded under the leading of Dr. Oliver Stearns.

The charming social advantages then offered to the students opened a sphere of life not less valuable than the mental training. Mr. Camp came to be loved in a large circle both in and out of the school. His quick social instincts, his joyousness, his love of nature and of music, his devout spirit, and his religious enthusiasm all gave promise of a useful ministry. In 1863 he was graduated, just as the nation was in the throes of the Civil War. He had been greatly interested in the anti-slavery movement. He was a friend of the colored man; and he gladly accepted the offer of the post of chaplain in a colored regiment, afterward stationed at Port Hudson.

He had great influence over the men, and they came to love him; and, after the war, he received letters from his loyal colored boys, filled with grateful expressions. It was a year of noble service to a lowly race.

In September, 1864, Mr. Camp was settled in Toledo, Ohio.

In July, 1865, he was married to Susan Adams Forster, daughter of Charles and Susanna Forster, of Charlestown, Mass., a lady of sweet spirit and noble qualities of mind and heart. She died Aug. 17, 1882, beloved and honored. His loyalty to her memory was ever true and abiding. They had two children: one died in infancy; the

other, Mr. Charles Forster Camp, resides in Brooklyn.

The five years' ministry in Toledo was a happy one; and the memory of it is still cherished in the hearts of the people of his first parish.

In March, 1869, Mr. Camp visited Brooklyn, N.Y., supplying the pulpit of Unity Chapel for two Sundays. He was quickly recognized and called. In June, 1869, he began his consecrated work in the Church of the Unity,—a work which has ever been deepening and strengthening for twenty-eight years, until his unexpected death on the morning of July 30.

He passed away peacefully at the Manse, his summer home at South Woodstock, Conn., at the break of day, the morning star shining into his chamber window. A few moments before he had followed the reading of the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, and joined audibly in the closing ascription: "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

It was fitting that his last days were passed in his summer home, of which he was the life and soul. His presence was felt everywhere, and everything was dear and precious to him. Myriad voices claimed fellowship, and called his name blessed. In the realm of nature and of man he was equally at home, and he met the response love always brings.

He could be quite alone and yet find ample companionship in his thoughts and in his communion with nature.

Again, it was his delight to have friends with him; and many were privileged to share his charming hospitality.

His larger influence and work was elsewhere, however. In the great city he labored so zealously, so heartily, so buoyantly. There he walked unweariedly on messages of love. There his hands took up others' burdens, his heart rendered unmeasured offers of sympathy, and his mind planned unceasingly for others. He was a comforter

> "Of Christ-like touch, . . .
> God gave him skill in comfort's art."

Out of his large measure of faith and hope and love he blessed others.

He gathered the fellowship of the Church of the Unity in his tender heart, answering every call,—yes, anticipating the longing of the soul for comfort, hastening to offer the healing balm. And yet far out from the fellowship of his dear Unity he went, to help and cheer. His heart was like a great fountain of healing strength; and many drew from it, and no one turned away unblest. He was born to be a well-spring of joy. From the margin of his heart ran streams that made verdant many waste places in life.

But so buoyant was his spirit, he was equally at home among the rejoicing ones. No one was before him in hearty good fellowship at feast or festival, and his presence in the home was like a sunbeam.

To him the children came as to one whose nature was as simple and natural and beaming as their own.

He had the magnetic influence which placed him in completely sympathetic relations with young and old, with the sorrowing and the rejoicing.

With the tenderness of woman there was the strength of sterling manhood in his character. With firmness of purpose he loyally espoused the cause of truth and right. What he believed conscientiously to be right, that he did despite the praise or the blame of men. Many an unpopular though righteous cause found in him a champion.

His public deeds and private virtues reflected his strength and purity of character and life. He had a deep spiritual nature.

His walk with God was close. The immortalities were such present evidences to his soul that he did not need an outward sign. The Spirit witnessed with his heart that we are children of God. He carried an atmosphere with him, and by it brought all into fellowship with the Unseen. Heaven lay all around him. The human and the divine were ever intermingling. Indeed, they were one in his thought of God, "over all, through all, and in all."

He magnified his office. The work of ministering was precious to him. It was his life.

God strengthened him to be a blessed comforter for threescore years, and then called him to higher service with the dear fellowship of the saints in light.

The story of such a life can never be

told. God knows it all, and the earthly remembrance will be unfading.

But the passing of a life so gentle, so strong, so loving, so victorious to the end, brings us into such close relationship with the real things as to make us almost doubt at times the fact of separation.

For in the memory of virtue is immortality, because it is recognized both before God and before men.

When it is present, men imitate it; and they long after it when it is departed. And throughout all time it marcheth, crowned in triumph, victorious in the strife for the prizes that are undefiled.

GEORGE HERBERT HOSMER.

HIS DWELLING-PLACE.

Where dost thou dwell, O thou Almighty One?
Art thou enthroned in some far distant sphere,
From whence in lonely majesty thou rul'st
This earth, thy work, and viewest from afar
The wrecks and ruins of a fallen race?
Or dost thou in nearer realms abide?
Where must I go to seek thee out?
I gaze into the infinite; I answer, wait;
I bend my listening ear. Oh, speak,
That I may find thee, and, finding, know.
I listened, and upon my ear there fell
The voice of the Eternal. "O son of man," it said,
"From where thou art, to find me, thou need'st not go;
For I am with thee. In tranquil calm,
In thund'rous storm, in ocean's mighty swell,
In every budding flower and living thing,
Thou seest me: of this world I am the life.
Behind, before, I compass thee about:
Nearer am I to thee than life itself,
Closer than the air you breathe.
From me thou canst not flee. If thou
The wings of dawn shouldst take, and fly
To earth's remotest bounds, lo, I am there.
If thou the darkest depths of hell shouldst sound,
Still am I there. From me thou cam'st,
To me thou shalt return: thou art my son.
A Father's voice it is that speaks to thee:
Open thy heart to me, and thou shalt see."
And then across my soul there swept the sense
Of kinship to the Infinite. My spirit soared
To meet the eternal Spirit, and on my heart
There fell a peace beyond compare; for
If God is in his world, all must be well.
The end of all, for all, then, must be good;
And on a *Father* we can lean in childlike trust.
O Father, Infinite, Eternal, True,
May I abide in thee and thou in me,
That we may be as one, as was thy gentle Son
Of Nazareth of old,—my brother man.
O glorious knowledge, O truth, so sweet and deep!
God's in his world, and all is well:
His dwelling-place is here, in it I live;
And in that faith serene I rest content.

WILLIAM D. LITTLE.

Washington, D.C.

WOODROW WILSON'S "WASHINGTON."*

As one lays down this new life of Washington, it is with a sense of satisfaction which few biographies of so beloved a hero are likely to give. This feeling is not induced by any attempt on the part of the writer to cover up defects in his subject or to clothe him with that glamour which inevitably gathers about a great name. Indeed, you get just the opposite impression; and the feeling that the charming story is genuine is no small part of your satisfaction. Here, you feel, is "the true George Washington"; and you are all the more ready to accept the picture because the author has not taken the trouble to vouch for its truth.

In the first place, Prof. Wilson has dealt with his subject in the large way which it demands. From his youth on Washington is a true type of the Virginia gentleman. He does not "wear his heart upon his sleeve," but bears himself with the dignity of one born to command. To dwell upon the trifling details of such a life would seem to every sensitive reader an intrusion into a privacy to which he has neither right nor welcome. In these pages you meet Washington as you might have met him in life, learning his character in that manly fashion which would become another gentleman, and not by the prying method of a valet. This dignity of treatment lends a charm to the book, which comes from high companionship. The reader is never playing the mean part of the spy, but is everywhere the invited guest. This method by no means hides Washington from us, although it may not tell us all that some of his personal attendants could reveal.

*GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper Brothers.

Details, however, are not lacking; but they are never dwelt upon for themselves. They are there to reveal the larger truth and the larger character behind them. This method is also noticeable in the portraits which the author gives of the other great men with whom Washington's life is so closely linked. The Cavalier life of the "Old Dominion" in Washington's day is very happily portrayed; and the conspicuous part which Virginians took in the events which led up to the Declaration of Independence makes us realize that in those trying years the work of the Puritan was not only supplemented by the Cavalier, but the Cavalier often took the initiative.

The oft-repeated story of Washington's work as a general is told with such clearness and freshness that one almost forgets he has read it before. The closing scene in that great chapter of his life furnishes, as it should do, an opportunity to let us see into the heart of the man. Such an opportunity the true biographer never misses; and how well Mr. Wilson has used it may be seen from the following paragraph :—

"But no one deemed him hard or stern, or so much as a thought more or less than human, when at last the British had withdrawn from New York, and he stood amidst his officers in Fraunce's Tavern to say goodby. He could hardly speak for emotion: he could only lift his glass, and say: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. . . . I cannot come to each of you and take my leave,' he said, 'but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand.' When Gen. Knox, who stood nearest, approached him, he drew him to him with a sudden impulse, and kissed him; and not a soldier among them all went away without an embrace from this man who was deemed cold and distant. After the parting they followed him in silence to Whitehall Ferry, and saw him take boat for his journey."

The writer's instinct for putting the emphasis in the right place comes out finely in the chapter "First in Peace." The supreme business in that chapter is the making of the Constitution; and Washington's part in that, we are made to feel, is hardly less important than his part in the war. In a day when compromises are in order it is he who utters the brave word which all perceive to be the wise word as well. "Let us," he said, "raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God." It is not merely that this sentence is quoted, but that the picture which the chapter leaves with you is that of the "self-collected man" uttering it at a time when his word was the greatest single influence in shaping the destinies of the new nation.

But the great trial came at the last when Washington as President had to bear the criticisms of a people he had so long and so nobly served. The book is a preparation for Mr. Wilson's description of the manner in which that trial was borne.

"Washington's spirit was of the majestic sort that keeps a great and hopeful confidence that the right view will prevail; that the 'standard to which the wise and honest will repair' is also the standard to which the whole people will rally at last if it be held long and steadily enough on high to be seen of all."

The charming style, the judicious selection of facts, and, above all, the insight which enables the writer to set forth these facts in their proper perspective, so that the true picture of the man appears, all combine to make every lover of Washington grateful for such a biography.

LEON A. HARVEY.

JEAN INGELOW'S POETRY.

The departure of Jean Ingelow deprives the roll of English poets of one of its finest and most valued names. A generation ago the acclaim was general that in her person the second eminent woman poet of Great Britain had appeared, Mrs. Browning being the first. There was for a time, since Adelaide Anne Procter was yet living and writing, a third place given Miss Ingelow; but this has long since passed, and it is now well recognized that she has the second rank, above Christina Rossetti as well as Miss Procter. Her gift was the extraordinary one of the singer. There are many good and not a few great poets to the absolute singer; and, when such a one appears,

the blessing is recognized with a wide and generous accordance. What a number of excellent writers of verse would we not dispense with rather than lose a poem of Robert Burns's! What a quantity of clever versification would we not fling away like waste paper for one such song of "Where Sparrows Build," or "Coo, Dove," or "The Long White Seam"! There is nothing more precious in poetry than the song; and, above all else, Jean Ingelow was a writer of songs, a lyrist pure and simple. Once started in a theme for a song, she sang like a bird, as her nature prompted; and thereby she seized the ears of all English-speaking people.

Being a song-writer, she was also a ballad-writer, and ought to have written many ballads instead of so few. The magical "High Tide" is half a ballad, half a musical composition; for never was a poem so purely poetical wrought before with so perfect an adaptation to the needs of the reciter. Though one may have heard this poem rendered by the most rigidly schooled of elocutionists, it may be recited by another reader with such rich contralto melody as will make it a new thing, and as it was before reciters came in to injure the true value of poetry. The verse of Jean Ingelow, it is to be said, is provocative of recitation and of music.

We cannot go far in judging our modern poets of America or England without referring to the authoritative books of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the chief critic America has produced. Mr. Stedman's words, in the "Victorian Poets," are as follows: —

"As the voice of Mrs. Browning grew silent, the songs of Miss Ingelow began, and had instant and merited popularity. They sprung up suddenly and tunefully as skylarks from the daisy-spangled, hawthorn-bordered meadows of old England, with a blitheness long unknown, and in their idyllic underflights moved with the tenderest currents of human life. Miss Ingelow may be termed an idyllic lyrist, her lyrical pieces having always much idyllic beauty."

This is the correct judgment as to the place Jean Ingelow holds as a writer of verse. But more things may well be said. she had a strong conception of character and an exceptional fancy, and by one of these qualities she was constantly led into the practice of preaching and by the other into poetic flights, short but intense, such as interlude her poems from first to last.— *Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

EDITORIAL.

National Conference. THE National Conference of our churches has been called to meet this year at Saratoga, N.Y., September 20 to 23. The announcement of programme, fares, hotel rates, etc., will be found in our "News" department. The Conference will be opened on the Monday evening by Rev. Reed Stuart of Detroit, who will preach the sermon, and closed on the following Thursday evening by Rev. Minot J. Savage, who will speak on "The Cost of our Freedom, and our Duty to maintain it."

Between these two events a rich field of promise is prepared, from which every church should draw its share of inspiration by sending its minister and two lay delegates.

Worry *v.* Happiness. THE interest shown in the extract entitled "Don't Worry," which we printed last month, warrants us in giving in this issue some further passages from Mr. Seward's analysis of the scientific basis of happiness. The subject is bound to be popular; for the most miserable desire happiness, while, of the most contented, who dare boast a perfect mastery over the insidious attacks of worry?

Small Endowments. MANY people so seriously regard the endowment of a church as dangerous to its highest interests that they rather risk injuring some big university already well equipped, or some library or art museum, and so leave their fortunes to such institu-

tions, and spare the church. Yet, when one has long been attached to some particular church, it is hard to write a will with no mention of the beloved sanctuary, the scene of so many tender and most vital associations. Indeed, most people, we imagine, would really like to leave some remembrance to their church.

We suggest that there is always need of small endowments for special purposes within the regular church finances, and for which special funds would work the utmost good without affecting the ordinary burdensome necessity of providing for regular expenses, the thing which donors so dread to disturb. Such funds we may suggest as: —

1. Vesper service fund.
2. Pulpit supply fund.
3. Neighborhood missionary fund.
4. Ministers' library fund.
5. Choir fund.
6. Sunday-school fund and many others.

In every one of these ways a church can increase and sustain its usefulness where it has special endowment set apart for such work.

Ministerial Training. THE Harvard Divinity School is steadily changing its organization, so that, instead of being a training school for the Unitarian ministry, it is becoming a school for the purely scientific study of religion.

This change is intentional; and, while it provokes a good deal of discussion, there is much to be said for the desirability of having such an undenominational School of Theology at Harvard.

We print Dean Everett's article on another page, describing "The Divinity School as it is" and supporting the change in method. While, however, Dr. Everett shows how excellent a thing it will be to have what the Divinity School now aims to supply, he really does not touch the question of whether or not it will be a loss to our own cause.

The Unitarian faith stands upon fundamental truth. It has its system, method, and doctrine. It is a definite and a new revelation, a gospel, and a guide for human life. It needs prophets saturated with its principles, filled with its life, grounded in its history, alive with its faith, devoted and pledged to its future. It is difficult to imagine any such enthusiasm originating in a seminary where "Unitarian students are in the minority, while half its regular teachers and nearly all its assistant teachers are connected with orthodox churches."

We repeat that the ideal aimed at, that of a school for the study of theology in connection with the university, is an admirable one; but there may be a question as to whether our Unitarian School, founded by Unitarians and hitherto supported by them, should be converted to that end. If, as seems to be the case, it is already so decided, then it may be advisable to consider in what way we can create a new centre of inspiration, enthusiasm, and strength for our cause within touch of the university; for it is hardly to be supposed that we are to surrender that long-established privilege.

Meadville is rapidly advancing, and becoming a strong arm of supply for our churches; but all its work is needed, not as a substitute for, but as an addition to the influence that ought to be exercised for the advancement of Unitarianism at Harvard.

Purpose and Pluck. AT the Hampton Institute's recent conference of colored people a very hopeful tone inspired all the addresses. The chief thing said and reiterated was that the progress of the race depends not upon external benefits or assistance, but upon individual determination, purpose, and pluck. Rev. Francis J. Grimke, a pastor in Washington city, made a thrilling speech, in which he sounded the true note of a successful career for white as well as for negro. Every youth of every race may well weigh these words: —

> The one indispensable condition to success for the negro is personal fitness, —the ability to do well what is to be done. White men cannot help us. We have got to work out our own destiny. The power that is to clear the path of the negro in this country lies within the negro himself,—in his own intelligence and pluck, fidelity and conscientiousness, his high resolve to make himself worthy and to put his best into whatever he does. If he exercises that power, he will succeed. If he does not, he will fail and ought to fail.

A Difference Somewhere!

EVANGELIST B. FAY MILLS, who has wrought so earnestly and successfully for Orthodoxy, now suffers editorial chastisement from the *Congregationalist* for indorsing the platform Unitarianism as adopted by our National Conference.

Mr. Mills says, "Love to God and love to man," as a summary of the religion of Jesus, "represents high-water mark as a statement of ecclesiastical formula"; and he further declares that, since the Unitarians have adopted and proclaimed this statement, they are entitled "to the most hearty expression of fellowship from all who are worthy to bear the name of Jesus." With this feeling Mr. Mills has preached in Unitarian churches, and the *Congregationalist* begins to think he is disqualifying himself for the Congregational ministry. It says:—

> An indorsement of the platform, "the religion of Jesus as summed up in love to God and love to man," would certainly not disqualify one for membership in the orthodox Congregational ministry; *but satisfaction with this platform*, and this alone, in the Unitarian understanding of it, *which is that which Mr. Mills here indorses*, in our opinion *would disqualify*. For the Unitarian interpretation of the words ignores man's helplessness in sin and the personal intervention of God in Christ to save him.
>
> No orthodox Congregational council, we believe, would advise ordination or installation or accept into fellowship a man who presented this as the sole statement of his belief. Christianity is God's seeking after man,—redemption in order to character. The orthodox Congregational churches are no more ready than they were nearly a century ago to accept as teachers men who ignore sin and fail to give due emphasis to the mediatorial work of Christ.

Why a man should be allowed blamelessly to "indorse" a platform which, if it gives "satisfaction," condemns him, is mysterious. One can hardly be recommended to indorse that which one does not believe; yet how can one believe without deriving satisfaction? There is a difference somewhere of course, but it escapes us. Meanwhile we rejoice in Evangelist Mills's appreciative championship of the Unitarian creed.

New Sayings of Jesus.

PROF. SCHAFF published as long ago as 1882 a list of "unrecorded" sayings of Jesus, or "agrapha"; and similar lists have been given from time to time. These consist of words attributed to Jesus on varying authority, but not to be found in the canon of the New Testament.

Now, however, an old papyrus has been discovered at Behneseh in Egypt, by Bernard Grenfell and Arthur Hunt, containing eight detached sayings, each beginning, "Jesus saith," and apparently representing current phrases which the writer wished to preserve. The genuineness of this "find" is thoroughly established, and the papyrus proved to have been written about a century and a half after the death of Jesus. The translation cabled to this country is as follows:—

> The first saying is, "And then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye,"—a repetition of Matt. vii. 3.
>
> The second saying reads, "Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father."
>
> The third saying is similar to that contained in John i., but the form is different. Christ describes himself as standing in the midst of the world, finding all men drunken and none athirst. "And my soul grieveth over the sons of men because they are blind in their heart."
>
> The fourth saying has faded out, and only one word remains. This is the Greek word for beggary. As this was not used by Christ in any Gospel, the saying is considered to be new.
>
> The fifth saying, which contains certain gaps, reads, "Jesus saith, Wherever there are [here occurs a gap], and there is one [gap] alone, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me: cleave the word, and there I am."
>
> The sixth saying coincides in part with Luke iv. 24: "No prophet is ac-

cepted in his own country: neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him."

The seventh saying, "Jesus saith, A city built upon the top of a high hill, and established, can neither fall nor be hid," is a restatement of Matt. v. 14, but is incomplete.

The eighth saying is undecipherable.

The second saying is likely to arouse discussion, as it is the only one which really is opposed to the spirit of the teachings of Jesus as already known to us. It involves the popular view held by the Ebionites, and regarded as heretical by the early Christian Fathers. The fifth saying is in harmony with the thought of Jesus held by the author of the Gospel according to John, that of the eternal word fitly declaring, "Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there I am."

Wealth's Privilege. We have previously spoken of Mr. Rockefeller's enormous gift to the Baptist Missionary Society. We now learn that the conditions upon which the amount was to be given have been complied with; and Mr. Rockefeller has paid over his $250,000, wiping out in one moment the whole remaining burden of the society's debt.

The New Catholicism in France. Père Hyacinthe, who for the past twenty years, ably supported by his American wife, has been vigorously leading a movement of vital reform in the Catholic Church, writes to the *Open Court* in answer to the inquiry, "What is your position?" as follows:—

> I am not a philosopher nor a writer. I am a humble preacher, moved by God, as I firmly believe, to utter in an enslaved Church the cry of deliverance. In regaining for myself the sacred rights of thought, conscience, and of heart, I have claimed them for all.
>
> Like the shepherd of Horeb, I have heard the voice which speaks in the desert and in the fire. It proclaims the absolute God, yet withal a personal and living God. It says, as of old, "I am he who is." I have put off my shoes from my feet, for the ground on which we walk is holy. I have hidden my countenance, for I dare not look the Eternal in the face.
>
> And the voice which affirmed the sovereignty of the Absolute Being now proclaims the liberty of created existences. Thou shalt say unto the children of Israel, "He that is hath sent me to you."
>
> And the Eternal said to me further: "I have seen the affliction of my people who are in bondage, in the Catholic Church; and I have heard the cries which their taskmasters have caused them to utter. Come now, therefore, I will send thee unto Pharaoh, who sitteth in the Vatican, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."
>
> But the children of Israel did not hearken unto me. They have not only ceased to believe in Christ and the Church, but also in the living God and in the immortal soul. They have found in the depths of their moral being naught but the response of death. They have preferred the flesh-pots of Egypt with bondage to labor and sacrifice with liberty. Let them continue, then, to prostrate themselves before the idols in which they no longer believe: I and my house shall serve the Eternal.

Père Hyacinthe is discouraged, but he is stemming the tide of a tremendous transition in the thought of a people thrown from a rigid legal faith to the freedom of discovery which they have not yet learned to regulate. The "humble preacher," who likens himself to the shepherd of Horeb, may find solace in the certainty that the Catholic Church must either advance along the lines he suggests or rapidly lose everything but her material wealth.

Recognized as Religious Progress. In an article upon the "Growth of Religious Tolerance" in the August *Forum*, Dr. Lyman Abbott makes a generous and definite acknowledgment of the influence of Unitarianism as a real religious force. He says:—

> The Unitarian revolt against Puritanism, which characterized the beginning of the present century, was not merely nor mainly an endeavor to substitute one dogmatism for another. It

was in part a protest against a too mathematical and scholastic doctrine of the Trinity,—a protest which, it seems to some of us, rejected with scholastic formularies some valuable and vital truth. It was an affirmation of the inherent dignity and worth of man, and a repudiation of the dogma of "total depravity," in repudiating which dogma it also seems to us the Unitarians have sometimes ignored or belittled, if they have not denied, the organic sinfulness of man as a racial fact. But, more than either, it was a protest against the measurement of life and character by theological standards and the substitution therefor of standards purely ethical. His repudiation of dogma as a measurement of character, rather than his repudiation of any particular dogmas, was the distinguishing characteristic of William Ellery Channing's contribution to the religious life and thought of New England. His followers may sometimes have attempted to substitute a new dogma in the place of the dogmas which they discarded. They may sometimes have failed to see that no ethical laws are effective which are not vitalized by a spiritual life, that no spiritual life is possible apart from God, and that no fellowship with God is possible without some recognized manifestation of him to the soul. But these must be regarded rather as the incidents, if not the vagaries, of the Unitarian reaction, certainly not as constituting its permanent contribution to the religious life of the Church. That contribution consisted partly in its simplification of religious truth, partly in its correcter estimate of man, partly in its more rational interpretation of the Bible, but most of all in the emphasis which it placed on such fundamental declarations as, "Ye shall know them by their fruits," and "Every one that loveth is born of God." I cannot think that the Unitarian system of theology, so far as it can be said to be a system, will survive. But its insistence on a simplicity of faith and on a substitution of ethico-spiritual for dogmatic tests of character has made itself felt in every Christian church. And this substitution of a vital for an intellectual test is gradually, but surely, taking place in all denominations.

The above is at least a kindly recognition. We regret that Dr. Abbott, however, slights "the Unitarian system of theology so far as it can be said to be a system"; for just so far as it can be said to be a theology, however systemless, upon it rests everything which Dr. Abbott appreciates. It strikes us as only a temporary advance to accept our conclusions, but not our faith.

Tolerance or Liberality. IN the same article quoted above, it is rather entertaining as well as instructive to remark that, while the author sets out to show the growth of religious tolerance, he concludes by declaring that it is not tolerance at all that has been bringing about such rapid change in the religious attitude, but a new tendency toward liberality, breadth, and catholicity of thought. It is not so much that we are willing to bear with our neighbor's heresy as it is that we are beginning to see there is some truth in his way of thinking. Each one is learning that he does not "know it all." The fact is there is a new revelation going on, which, in disclosing more and more of the divine law, active both within and without human nature, impresses on the mind the truth of absolute unity somewhere within all objective variation, and the common belief in that unity, "one law, one element," unites the most dissimilar dogmatists, and establishes a sort of spiritual citizenship of sympathy among minds of every faith.

A Plea for the Parsons. So long and so credulously has popular thought associated physical means of flight with the symbolic angel that the rector of an Episcopal church in Syracuse, N.Y., recently felt justified in rejecting a stained-glass window for the reason that it represented the figure of an angel without wings. Bishop Huntington, however, overruled the rector's judgment, saying that, as an "angel" was a "messenger," a messenger *might* be merely human.

Is there not a similar popular fallacy as regards another kind of messenger, which,

could it be equally wisely overruled, would reduce to milder and more generous tone much of the criticism of that sensitive creature who passes about among our homes, counteracting gossip, advising in family perplexities, using his benign influence in soothing the irreverent asperities of our precociously eager offspring, sustaining the overworked and weary, administering spiritual comfort and consolation by the bed of sickness, and week by week translating for us from the pulpit some new message of the divine revelation?

It would perhaps hardly be a matter of surprise if the fulfiller of so many surpassingly difficult duties were regarded as possessing remarkable gifts. It might be forgiven if popular superstition clothed the pastor and preacher with some more than earthly glory. The figure that stands at the central shrine of life, blessing the little ones at the font, binding the man and maiden in the name of the Almighty at the altar, and breathing across the closing grave the final prayer of peace, might easily be supposed to merit popular canonization. But when public opinion invests the minister, not with any superhuman radiance, but only with superhuman responsibilities, and though no sweeping pinions appear to support his body, yet insists upon expecting him to bear all the diverse burdens which the ingenuity of a parish can provide, this is an apotheosis which can hardly be desired.

It may be said that it is far better than encouraging the minister in his own conceit; and it is true that the idolatrous subserviency of a congregation is dangerous. We have Scriptural authority (Acts xii. 22, 23) for fearing the most disastrous consequences when a leader of men is induced to think more highly of himself than he ought to think; and it is of modern record that a minister once poor, humble, and human, steadily fattening on flattery, at last omitted the Lord's prayer at the close of his own discourses, on the ground that it interfered with the effect he sought, till the lightning of what seemed to him an amazing popular opinion smote him.

But will not the opposite position, which exaggerates the bearing capacity to superhuman proportions, end in an equal disaster? There are some ministers who are really very superior persons; and it is a pity to see them, like Stevenson's little Cevennes donkey, sinking beneath burdens imposed upon them in misplaced confidence.

Yet no mortal minister can possibly fulfil the functions that the most ordinary congregation is capable of expecting. And, the more devoted, unselfish, and earnest the man, the more likely he is to succumb.

It is only God who "knoweth what things we have need of before we ask"; yet a single female parishioner can cheerfully require of her minister services that would tax the strength of ten strong men.

This is a matter in which public opinion can do everything. Let it be understood that, as the minister is wingless and human, though a divine messenger, so he is no more than mortal in his frailties and weakness. If he cannot fly, neither can he carry mountains. He is not an angel with wings, but only a ministering mortal.

Lambeth Conference.

ONE hundred and ninety four mitred bishops of the Anglican Church, gathered from every corner of the world at the grim old Lambeth Palace on the banks of the Thames, must have been a remarkable event, even after all the striking occasions of the Jubilee. It is said that the American bishops actually wore crimson gowns in the processional at the abbey, not to be out of harmony with the throng, while some of the colonial representatives varied the rich monotony by wearing robes of green and gold. As a picturesque function, the conference proves to have been an immediate success; but, as an advisory, if not an actively governing body, if anything was accomplished, it is not known to the public. Many dreadful things were prophesied. These, at least, are unfulfilled. There seems to have been no arbitrary assumption of power by Canterbury. The only public act has been the issuing of the most harmless and the most blameless encyclical letter one could wish.

It is perfectly evident that it represents no one's opinion: it is simply copy to furnish proof that there has been a Lambeth Conference. Not one new thought or suggestion or fact is added to anybody's knowledge by a perusal of this latest epistle. It tells us that "one of the chief hindrances to

religion is intemperance," that "the Church of Christ has no doubt which mode of determining national quarrels it should support," that "a proper obedience to the law of brotherhood would in all probability prevent many of the evils which attend our present system," etc. No inquiries can be made of an encyclical, and whatever interesting discussion preceded its construction is suppressed. We venture to think the chief result of the conference is not in the encyclical, but in the comradeship and private talk of the bishops, who doubtless compared notes and sought each other's advice, and will go home with an added sense of dignity and of their own individual importance in their respective sees.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

THE HOME.

[These selections are from "The House Beautiful," by Rev. William C. Gannett.]

Sunday.

There is a Bible verse that reads, "A building of God, a house not made with hands." Paul meant the spiritual body, in which, he says, the soul will live hereafter. But how well the words describe the Home,—a home right here on earth.

Monday.

For consider the house, how it grows! The first thing we do is to dig a hole in the planet,—a socket to hold the house down firm. That is taking liberties with Nature, to begin with, as we only make the hole, the room for the hole,—the more momentous matter. Then the cellar walls,—do we *make* them? We quarry the stone, drag it out, chip it square, lay it in the mortar-beds; but the stone was laid in the quarry for us, atom by atom, crystal by crystal, ages before the first mortal trod the earth. A bit of pavement from Pompeii, a fragment from the Pyramids, is prized because man's touch was on it two thousand or thrice two thousand years ago; but each pebble in the chinks of the cellar wall beneath us holds thousands of thousands of years locked up in it, since first the ancient oceans sifted it and inner earth-fires baked it and thickening continents began to squeeze it into rock.

Tuesday.

But who *made* the timber in the joist, who *made* the clapboards and the shingles on the roof? Men hewed and sawed and split,—the great mills with their iron claws and iron teeth are wonders of human skill; but what hands took sunshine and the rain and a pine-cone a hundred years ago in a wild forest, and with winter storms and spring freshenings and long summer shinings built up the great green tree that waited on the hill till the axe-man came?

"I heard a voice out of heaven, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people." Call the great power "God," or by what name we will, that power dwells with us in so literal a fashion that every stone and rafter, every table, spoon, and paper scrap, bears stamp and signature to eyes that read aright: "The house in which we live is a building of God, a house not made with hands."

Wednesday.

"Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair
Firm league of love and prayer
Together bound for aye, together blest;
An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;
A world of care without;
A world of strife shut out;
A world of love shut in!"

Thursday.

Slowly the new home grows holy, for the making of two souls—two yet one—is going on in it. Each soul is overcoming its own faults for love's sake, and helping by love to overcome the other's faults. Business, sorrows, joys, temptations, failures, victories, ideals, are all shared in it. By and by the awes of motherhood and fatherhood are shared, and the new coeducation that children bring their parents is entered on together. The supreme beauty is attained when both realize that the inmost secret of true marriage is—*to love the ideals better than each other.* For this alone guarantees the perfect purity, and therefore this alone can guarantee the lastingness of love.

Friday.

A song at even-time before the little ones say good-night; the habit of together saying a good-morning grace to God, perhaps a silent grace, among the other greetings of a happy breakfast table; a picture in

that bare niche of the wall; a vase of flowers on the mantel-piece; well-matched colors under foot; a nestling collar, not that stiff band, around the neck; brushed boots, if boots it must be, when the family are all together; the tea table tastefully, however simply, set, instead of dishes in a huddle,—these all are little things: you would hardly notice them as single things; you would not call them "religion," they are not "morals," they scarcely even class under the head of "manners." Men and women can be good parents and valuable citizens without them. And yet, and yet, one cannot forget that, as the years run on, these trifles of the home will make no little of the difference between coarse grain and fine grain in us and in our children, when they grow up.

Saturday.

I dreamed of Paradise; and still,
Though sun lay soft on vale and hill,
And trees were green and rivers bright,
The one dear thing that made delight,
By sun or stars or Eden weather,
Was just that we two were together.

I dreamed of heaven, and God so near!
The angels trod the shining sphere,
And all were beautiful; the days
Were choral work, were choral praise.
And yet, in heaven's far-shining weather,
The best was still,—we were together!

I woke, and found my dream was true,—
That happy dream of me and you!
For Eden, heaven, no need to roam:
The foretaste of it all is *Home*,
Where you and I through this world's weather
Still work and praise and thank together.

Together weave from love a nest
For all that's good and sweet and blest
To brood in, till it come a face,
A voice, a soul, a child's embrace!
And then what peace of Bethlehem weather,
What songs, as we go on together!

Together greet life's solemn real,
Together own one glad ideal,
Together laugh, together ache,
And think one thought, "each other's sake,"
And hope one hope,—in *new*-world weather
To still go on, and go together.

The greatest evils are from within us, and from ourselves, also, we must look for our greatest good; for God is the fountain of it, but reaches it to us by our own hands.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The one-topic, three-grade lessons, published during the past year by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, are now bound together and issued in manual form. They are as follows:—

STORY OF ISRAEL. Primary Grade. By Rev. Albert Walkley. Twenty illustrated four-page leaflets. Price 12 cents net, postage extra.

GREAT THOUGHTS OF ISRAEL. Primary Grade. By Rev. Albert Walkley. Twenty illustrated four-page leaflets. Price 12 cents net, postage extra.

STORY OF ISRAEL. Twenty Lessons for Intermediate Classes. By Rev. Edward A. Horton. Paper covers. Price 15 cents a copy; per dozen, $1.50.

GREAT THOUGHTS OF ISRAEL. Twenty Lessons for Intermediate Classes. By Rev. Edward A. Horton. Paper covers. Price 15 cents a copy; per dozen, $1.50.

STORY OF ISRAEL. Twenty Lessons for Advanced Classes. By Rev. William Hanson Pulsford. Paper covers. Price 15 cents a copy; per dozen, $1.50.

GREAT THOUGHTS OF ISRAEL. Twenty Lessons for Advanced Classes. By Rev. William Hanson Pulsford. Paper covers. Price 15 cents a copy; per dozen, $1.50.

The new lessons issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society are supposed to begin with September 19. The selection of this date is caused by the difference in the reopening of Sunday-schools, some beginning in October, and others the first of September. Those schools which begin before the 19th of September can very well employ the intervening Sundays by reorganizing and putting everything in order for regular class-work. The general title of the course for 1897–98 is "Beacon Lights of Christian History" and the first two lessons are on "Martyrs: Pollycarp," and "The Martyr Spirit." As was announced in the last *Unitarian*, the primary grade will be omitted, and the intermediate and advanced grades will be illustrated in every other lesson, each being issued in a four-page leaflet separately and selling (each grade) 75 cents a hundred. There are many attractions in this series of topics, and there are also some difficulties. This may be said of any important scheme of Sunday-school instruction. In looking over the full list of titles, as published in the last number of this magazine, one might deem them in many respects somewhat heavy and above the average pupil's comprehension. But an attempt will be made to render these titles into plain and easy language so far as the intermediate grade is concerned. Naturally, the advanced will include more scholarship and appeal to

young men and women who wish to know the facts, and are willing to study for them. It ought to be possible to give our Sunday-schools a helpful survey of the Christian centuries, and it is equally certain that such a survey is necessary to a true education. Young people see the results of Christian civilization in the life that is around them of the nineteenth century, but they have little idea as to the sources of all the enlarged privileges and securities which they enjoy. They need to be stimulated by noble examples, and to know at what great cost all these legacies have been obtained. The success of these lessons will very much depend upon the zeal and intelligence of not only the teachers, but the ministers and superintendents. Here is a fine opportunity for teachers' meetings, and the subjects in hand ought to create a deep interest. Sermons might well be preached by the minister from time to time on many of the topics in this current course.

I also commend these same lessons to the consideration of the Young People's Religious Unions. It is true that a course of reading and study has been laid out by the officers of this organization, but there is not necessarily any conflict in the above suggestion. The young people are always looking for material which will readily lend itself to the uses of guilds, unity clubs, fraternities, and similar societies banded together under the Young People's Religious Union. The topics of this present course are such as to lead any young person who may be called upon to write a paper to sources that are easily found and from which he or she can readily draw material for an essay.

Preparations are on foot for the annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, which will take place about the middle of October. Full particulars will be given in the next *Unitarian*, and can be found in coming issues of the *Christian Register*. This annual gathering of the Sunday-school forces has come to be one of great benefit. The objects of Sunday-school organization and work are more clearly set before the dim eyes of the unbelieving, and the methods by which results can be worthily achieved are duly expounded by experts. Indeed, there is a twofold benefit, as has been seen of late, caused by the new enthusiasm which the "together" spirit creates, and also guaranteeing to critical minds the certainty of permanent and worthy results in modern Sunday-school teaching.

In connection with the above announcement, I would remind our friends that there is little time left in which to forward contribution to the treasury of the Unitarian Sunday School Society before the current financial year ends. The books must be closed about the 1st of October, which is the usual time. Very many churches and Sunday-schools that always remember the Sunday School Society have not yet sent in their donations. In order to obtain membership and send delegates, such a contribution must be forwarded before October 1. There are various reasons why this appeal of the Unitarian Sunday School Society would seem to have force. I hope that there will be a prompt and generous response all along the line of our denomination. Some of the reasons which naturally come to mind are these. First, the Unitarian Sunday School Society has gone on faithfully for over sixty years trying to do its duty by the young people. Second, it is the only organization in our denomination which specifically stands for the moral and religious instruction of the young. Third, it has succeeded in drawing the cordial co-operation of all elements and parts of our denomination, West, East, North, South. Fourth, it would seem to be the recruiting part of our denominational means and ways, by which guarantee is secured that our churches will live after the elders have passed away. Fifth, there never was more need of money than at the present time, to carry out plans fit to meet the enlarged demands of our denomination. Sixth, the Unitarian Sunday School Society is a large missionary agency, doing a great deal of free work, which costs money, for the extension of our faith in new regions. Seventh, every publication that is issued carries a low price to the buyer, the confidence being that the churches will maintain necessary expenses by donations. Eighth, this society is intimately linked with the Young People's Religious Unions, and interlocks in many ways with every movement that concerns the young people. Ninth, the Unitarians must remember that the Unitarian Sunday School Society is not endowed to any appreciable extent, and therefore has no funds upon which to draw beyond the free contributions of the churches and Sunday-schools in their annual loyalty.

Every Other Sunday begins Volume XIII. with the issue of September 12. What this paper attempts to do, and what purpose it serves in Sunday-schools and in our homes, is well known to the readers of the *Unitarian*. Every effort will be made to maintain the standard hitherto set up, and to justify the kind words which have been said about this publication. I again suggest to those Sunday-schools who do not take the paper that it will be found useful in interesting the younger pupils, in securing their more constant attendance; and it may also prove a source of suggestion to the Sunday-school teacher in the primary and intermediate

departments. The best way for a Sunday-school is to order a bundle of the papers regularly, payment for the same to be made through some appropriation of the school, these numbers to be distributed without cost to the pupils.

A revised catalogue of the publications of the Unitarian Sunday School Society has just been issued; and copies will be furnished, without expense, by mail or on application at the book department, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Edward A. Horton.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.

Truth. Worship. Service.

Perhaps vacation has taken many of our readers so far away that they have lost trace of the Religious Union. We advise all such to consult the files of the *Christian Register*, and read the reports of the able speeches at the Shoals and at The Weirs in our column, and the article of Rev. J. T. Sunderland on the Detroit Convention. Then there are some fine articles by members of local unions. If any enthusiasm has been lost in the long, idle days, this review will call it all back. We shall need it all, every bit; for we have planted the Religious Union goal far up and on, but we *must* reach it. Many unions have held services all summer, some rallies and union meetings have been held locally, and the fall campaign is already under way. The national officers have been busy with plans for increased usefulness the coming year, and with the preparation of topics. There is so much that lies ready at hand to do, if we had but money and workers. But patience! these will come as our Religious Union proves its worth.

The following is the list of topics for the last quarter of 1897. The list for the entire year of 1898 is to be a joint one for the use of our Religious Union and the Universalist Christian Union, and will be out very shortly. These will be sent to all unions, and can be obtained of the secretary at 25 Beacon Street.

List of Topics, Sept. 5–Dec. 26, 1897.

Sept. 5.—Nobility of Labor. Ex. xx. 9; Ps. lxii. 12; Prov. vi. 6; Luke x. 7; 2 Tim. ii. 6. (Appropriate for Labor Day.)

Sept. 12.—What shall we do for and with our Young People's Society? Matt. vii. 7, 8; John viii. 32; Luke x. 25–37; John iv. 23, 24.

Sept. 19.—Sympathy. Matt. xviii. 33; Luke x. 30–35; Rom. xii. 15.

Sept. 26.—The Four Principles of Unitarianism; Freedom the Method in Religion; Fellowship the Spirit in Religion; Service the Aim in Religion; Character the Test in Religion.

Oct. 3.—Missions: What can we do to help spread the Liberal Faith?

Oct. 10.—Leaving the Dead Past. Matt. viii. 22; Phil. iii. 14. (Union meeting with Young People's Christian Union suggested.)

Oct. 17.—The Faith making Faithful, How shown? (*a*) Liberal Religion in the Home; (*b*) Liberal Religion in the Occupation; (*c*) Liberal Religion in Citizenship; (*d*) Liberal Religion in Church Life.

Oct. 24.—Martyrs for Truth.

Oct. 31.—The Bibles of the World.

Nov. 7.—Saints of Service (in the nineteenth century). Unions especially urged to look up the lives of Toynbee, Brace, Lucretia Mott, Dorothea Dix, Garrison, Gen. Armstrong.

Nov. 14.—Influence; How to get it, How to use it. Matt. v. 13–16.

Nov. 21.—Gratitude; to whom, for what, how shown? Luke xvii. 11–19; Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

Nov. 28.—Temperate. "For their sakes," —motto of Unitarian Temperance Society. (International Temperance Sunday) 1 Thess. v. 6–8; Prov. xxi. 17; xxiii. 21, 29–32; 1 Cor. viii. 8–13.

Dec. 5.—Motives for going to Church; What can we get there that we do not get elsewhere? What makes you go?

Dec. 12.—God in Nature, or "The Garment thou seest him by." Rom. i. 20; Ps. xix. 1. (Common topic with Young People's Christian Union.)

Dec. 19.—Our Puritan Forefathers as Religious Reformers: What can we learn from them?

Dec. 26.—The Noblest Deeds for Christmas Day.

Emma R. Ross, *Secretary Y. P. R. U.*

BOOKS.

Flight of a Tartar Tribe. By De Quincey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 25 cents.—In the Riverside Literature Series Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin are doing admirable service, especially for the many earnest students who are hungry for good things, but limited in means to buy them, through offering in strong, clear, clean, and tasteful form some masterpieces of English literature at a price reasonable indeed. The present little volume (No. 110) gives from De Quincey's works that strange, thrilling, marvellous historical romance, the exodus of the Torgod, numbering probably half a million souls, across the wild steppes of Asia

eastward to the wall of China. It is one of the rarest of De Quincey's brilliant essays, and a fine example of a well-told story illuminated by all the power of a soaring imagination.

Sequel to our Liberal Movement. By Joseph Henry Allen. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Dr. Allen has contributed so much to the history of our own cause that we look naturally to him as to our trusted historian. The present small volume is in the nature of commentary, enlightening the way of the student and helping him to a personal acquaintance with the recent leaders of the Unitarian movement.

The little memory sketches of Clarke, Eliot, Starr King, Thomas Hill, Octavius Frothingham, etc., are not miniatures, though in small compass and delicate coloring, but are vivid characterizations, full of the sense of personal touch and earnest appreciation. This "Sequel to our Liberal Movement" ought to be in every Unitarian minister's library, and might be wisely used in supplementing class or guild studies of Unitarianism.

Hannibal: The Struggle between Carthage and Rome. By Wm. O'Connor Morris. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 vol. $1.75.—The "Heroes of the Nations Series," of which this volume is the twenty-first, has justly taken a very high place in international biographical literature. The story of Hannibal, as here given, is worthy in every way to stand by that of Napoleon, Charles XII., or Nelson. Probably less widely known even in its main outlines of marvellous incident, it lends itself to dramatic rendering, and appeals at once to the imagination and that admiration always inspired by an original and commanding genius. Mr. Morris is restrained and moderate in his praise of the extraordinary qualities of his hero, yet he conveys with no uncertainty the well-acknowledged fact that Hannibal towered above all his contemporaries in every quality of a great general. His magnificent plans, sustained for seventeen years by brilliant exploits that startled all his enemies, eventually failed through the inferiority of the Phœnicians and allied races under his command to the virile strength of the Roman people. It is the marvel of history how one man leading inferior races could so nearly overthrow the mighty power of Rome; but it is, nevertheless, in spite of our sympathy with the hero, matter of great relief that Hannibal's genius did not succeed in implanting Carthage on the ruins of Rome.

The Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Gilbert Parker. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.—This new volume from the strong hand of Gilbert Parker hardly adds anything to the author's reputation. It is very vigorous in style, scene, and incident; but the whole motive and the general moral tone of the story are disappointing, and the plot sinks steadily into vulgar sensationalism. Possibly Mr. Parker attempted too much; for nothing less than genius could make a successful story out of any set of characters whose hero and controlling influence is an immoral, conscienceless consumptive, who does all manner of things evil, and meanwhile is rapidly dying, while the very best-meaning people adore him and the young women all fall in love with him. It is a pity that so much capacity of description should be wasted in such wild wantonness. It must be that this is really an earlier work of the author, published now under the pressure of public willingness to buy anything of Gilbert Parker's.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The highest kind of melodrama is too good to deserve the slight discredit implied by that classification. Indeed, the best melodrama really rises into the purer sphere of literature, though keeping its feet on the warm earth of popularity. Mr. Caine is an acknowledged master in all the excitement, movement, and climaxes of the sensational plot; but in "The Christian" he reveals, as already he has done to a certain extent in "The Manxman," the power of the seer and prophet of human nature, the touch of the perfect artist, and the indescribable gift we call genius, which we follow joyously without further comment. "The Christian" is a vivid panorama of life, and a powerful presentation of the creeds and types of social and religious classes in the present century. It deserves a high place in modern fiction.

Equality. By Edward Bellamy. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Of course, much of the freshness and originality of "Looking Backward" are impossible to a sequel, yet Mr. Bellamy has had so much new material to put into this second book that the interest suffers nothing. The thread of the story—which is, however, only a thread—is a continuation of that in "Looking Backward." It leads the characters on to the experiences of the great social revolution. The purpose of the book is not to tell a story, but to discuss, in a conversational manner, all the problems and possibilities of the economic and social conditions of the present age. The subject is inexhaustible; and Mr. Bellamy offers material for much solid consideration. His book cannot fail to provoke thought and discussion, and so help to disclose the vital truth.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Little Mr. By-and-by,
You will mark him by his cry,
And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again,
Glum if he must leave his play,
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-by,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!
In the mountains of the moon
He is known as Pretty Soon;
And he's cousin to Don't Care,
As, no doubt, you're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-by
Always has a fretful "Why?"
When he's asked to come or go
Like his sister,—Susan Slow.
Hope we'll never—you nor I—
Be like Mr. By-and-by.

—*St. Nicholas.*

TEA-CUPS.

Do you ever think, when you sit at the table, that the dishes you see upon it were not dreamed of years ago? that the materials of which dishes are made were not known to the children of a few centuries ago? We have tea-cups and coffee-cups now, but years ago there was no distinction: tea, coffee, chocolate, were all drunk from the same cups. In the coffee-raising countries the cups were without handles. At first, when cups were introduced into Europe, they were treated as ornaments. It was not until after America was settled by the English that tea-cups came into familiar use.—*Outlook.*

FAITH AND WORKS.

A little Band of Mercy girl says: "I prayed that the bird-traps set by cruel boys might not catch the birds, and then I prayed that God would prevent the birds from getting into the traps; and then I went, and kicked the traps all to pieces."

UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie was asleep, and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preaching; for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, "it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight."

In some way, while Willie was listening, he fell asleep.

Dan kissed him on the nose; but, when Willie went to sleep, he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name "Daniel" fell in his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him; but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, the sharp barks said, "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture. Then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms, and said: "Please 'scuse Dan, papa. I went asleep, and he runned away."

Then he walked out with Dan, looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could; but then he made a resolve, if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel, he would remember to tie up his dog.—*Our Little Ones.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

Albany, N.Y.: *First Unitarian Society.*— At the second anniversary of our reorganization Rev. Robert Collyer preached on Sunday, March 21, to a crowded house. It was an inspiration merely to behold the benign features of the dear old preacher, and then his words conveyed many lessons. On the following Wednesday, in the afternoon, the Alliance had their meeting; and in the evening, at the concluding exercises of the anniversary, Rev. Messrs. Crooker, Dole, and Slicer spoke. We started upon our third year with much encouragement.

Rev. Mr. Crooker has preached for us twice, on "The New Bible" and on "Applied Christianity." Rev. Mr. Slicer was also here on May 9, preaching on "Tradition No Substitute for Religion." We have had another visitor, Rev. Mr. Bixby, who on June 20 spoke on "The Divine Pity."

On April 21 a society meeting elected trustees for the ensuing term, besides transacting other society business. Our bimonthly meetings and socials have been considered great successes. Each evening some form of entertainment was given.

The Unity Club concluded early in June a year of very successful work. Dr. Durand, who conducted the Sociological Section, with his section finished Gladden's book, "The Tools and the Man." He then sailed for Europe, where he studies until December. When he returns, we shall have the benefit of his work there in the course he intends giving his section. The Literary Section travelled through the principal cities and countries of Europe, under the direction of Prof. White, with the aid of the stereopticon. "Our Saints," "Ethical and Religious Value of Sunday," and "What is your Aim in Life?" were discussed at the meetings of the Religious Sections. And the Social Section provided an enjoyable time for the members, when it was their turn. The work for the coming year has been partially planned, the complete programme to be printed in the church bulletin.

In the Senior Class of the Sunday-school, after the study of Mohammedanism and the religion of our Teutonic ancestors, a review of the past two years' work was undertaken. Now, having studied the development of the individual religions, the work will be taking the great thoughts and ideas in religion, and studying their development in each of the religions.

Dr. Brundage conducted the Bible class on Friday evening, studying the great prophets and leaders of ancient Israel as the moral and political reformers of their times.

The titles of a few of his recent sermons are: "The Only Way of Salvation," "The Eternal Goodness," "Trooper Peter Halket," "Music as the Expression of Religious Emotion," "Sin and its Penalty," "Belief and Unbelief in Self," "Social Conscience." Six numbers of the series of "Sermons from an Albany Pulpit" have been issued.

On July 3 we had our second excursion, having a delightful time.

The society voted to give their pastor, who had worked hard for them, a long vacation. So they ceased holding services in the middle of July, to be resumed in September.

Brooklyn, N.Y.—*First Church:* Rev. Walter A. Taylor of Jackson, Mich., has accepted a call to the ministry of the Willow Place Chapel of the First Church, as successor to Rev. C. H. Porter, Jr., and assistant to Rev. Samuel A. Eliot. Mr. Taylor will assume charge of the chapel work in September. During the summer the work of both church and chapel is in charge of Rev. L. A. Harvey, late of Des Moines, Ia. Regular services are maintained; and in addition there is a children's service. The Men's Club and the Women's Meeting continue their usual activities; but most of the chapel organizations are resting. The summer home for the chapel children is having a most successful season. It is established at Bayonne, N.J., and is much resorted to. Rev. Mr. Eliot is at his new house at North-east Harbor, Me., and is preaching regularly in one or another of the summer churches in that neighborhood. The First Church will reopen on Sunday, September 12.

—*Unity Church:* In making formal announcement of the death of the late pastor of this society, Rev. Stephen H. Camp,

who passed away at Woodstock, Conn., July 30, the trustees desire to give expression, in so far as it is possible, of the great loss sustained by Unity Church as a society, and by every member of it individually.

Filled full of manly tenderness and the essence of spirituality, and with his ever-cheerful personality and beautiful faith in the divine rightness of the universe, Mr. Camp, as pastor, was able to bring to bear upon his church work faculties that are rarely to be met with in a single individual. His life and strength were ever for those who needed his help or sympathy; and his wise and timely words of counsel and sweet messages of comfort, hope, and trust, freighted, as they always were, with his own firm belief in the divine goodness and the inheritance of humanity in it, have brought new life and peace to many an aching heart.

In his long pastorate he so endeared himself to all with whom he was associated as to make his loss a personal one to every member of his congregation. His pastoral work was not confined within any boundaries, but included every state and condition of mankind with which he was brought in contact; and our loss is equally the sorrow of many a man and woman far removed from Unity Church, into whose lives he has brought new beauties, and in whose hearts he has awakened new and better impulses.

A wide experience and knowledge of life, added to his natural sympathy and gentleness, enabled him to apply to the conditions surrounding him principles of pure living and right thinking with a directness and emphasis which only those who knew him could conceive. Unselfishness, of the kind which made the convenience and comfort of others paramount to his own, even in the so-called minor matters of life, was a predominating feature of his character; and he was never so entirely happy as when giving of himself to those whom he could serve.

As a neighbor, friend, and citizen, the same high purpose and pure living which characterized his pastoral work were manifest; and, in his absence from the field of work he loved so dearly, we shall miss an earnest, loving, and devoted minister, a kind and sympathetic neighbor, a true, warm-hearted, and honest friend, and a noble, loyal citizen.

May the principles for which he stood, and the precepts which he taught and lived so beautifully, long continue to influence and actuate the lives of those who survive him! His life, if counted by its span of years, was short, but, measured by the good he wrought, would its full span round out.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

We remember those who were bound by closer ties than those of parish life, and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his sorrowing family in their manifold bereavement.

(Signed)
FRANCIS E. SOUTHARD, *President*,
WILLIAM H. FROTHINGHAM, *Secretary*,
Board of Trustees of Third Unitarian Society.

(An article commemorative of Mr. Camp's life will be found on another page.—ED.)

Chicago, Ill.: *Memorial Chapel (First Church).*— Since the dedication of this chapel Mr. Fenn has preached upon the following subjects: "Freedom's Secret," "A Teacher's Creed," "For His Sake," "The Cult of the Microbe." It has been found impracticable to start a Sunday-school in the Memorial Chapel; but every Sunday, in the course of the regular morning service, Mr. Fenn preaches a ten-minute sermon to children. His subjects for July were "Playing Fair," "Giving in," "Sulking," "Taking a Dare." The attendance has been exceptionally good, considering the weather and the time of year.

The following is a description of the new chapel, written by the architect himself:—

The chapel and social rooms form a low, spreading stone building, about 60 x 100 feet, thoroughly typical of an old English country church of the finest Gothic period. Particularly when viewed from the south-east, its red-tiled roof and its low porch, together with the pinnacles, daintily carved stone crockets, and general grouping of all parts give a most artistic whole. Were it only covered with ivy and surrounded by great trees,—so pure are its lines,—it might almost be taken for a bit of old work.

The interior of the chapel proper, though small,—for there are large social rooms at the rear,—naturally forms the climax of the design, and is even more artistic than the exterior. It is spanned by an unusually beautiful and perfect oak timber roof, with delicately designed double hammer-beam trusses of the same pure English Gothic moulding and character as seen elsewhere on the building; while the walls up to the very roof are of the most expensive Roman brick, shading from a very dark below windows to almost a cream at roof line, the whole forming a delightful harmony of color. At the front a large Gothic arch marks the pulpit recess, and forms a framework for the great stone mullioned window with its harmony of color in rich stained

glass. At one side of this arch are the organ and choir seats, the organ-pipes showing through tracery in high side arches.

The pulpit, furniture, and pews are all of special design, and perfectly carry out the unity of the scheme. The general and usual arrangements of heating, lighting, ventilation, and method of throwing different parts of building together by flexible doors, as well as all other practical questions, have been carefully studied, and are believed to have been successfully solved, and all in a manner to prove that to-day, as well as three hundred years ago, a building may be at the same time both thoroughly practical and thoroughly artistic.

Duxbury, Mass.—On the afternoon of July 15 Rev. Watson Weed was formally installed as pastor of the First Church of Duxbury. A number of ministers and members of neighboring churches were present. The sermon by Rev. Leslie W. Sprague was a splendid declaration of the great fundamentals of religion and an inspiring call to the higher life.

Rev. Charles A. Allen charged the pastor to work for true religious life and growth; and Rev. C. Y. De Normandie urged upon the people the necessity of being constant in co-operation with their pastor and in building up their church. There appears to be a good measure of life in this old church. The people respond to Mr. Weed's enthusiasm, and are working well in the church and the Sunday-school. The church seems full of healthy interest and activity. Mr. Weed's work through the spring and early summer seems to have inspired a feeling of hope and life into all interested. Meetings will be held in various parts of the town, and earnest effort will be made to recall this church to its old-time usefulness. We hope it may have entered on a new career of prosperity.

Hancock Conference.—The sixth annual session of this summer conference was held at Sullivan, Me., on August 24, in the new Union Church at that place. The conference is a gathering of the congregations of the summer preaching stations around Frenchman's Bay. The neighborhood has always been a favorite resort for Unitarian ministers, and never have the liberal people been more active than this summer. At South-west Harbor Rev. C. F. Dole has his summer home, and preaches in the district school-house. Opposite, at North-east Harbor, lives Rev. Samuel A. Eliot; and there is a handsome stone Union Church, seating some three hundred people, wherein union services are maintained throughout the summer. President Eliot is chairman of the Standing Committee; and among the preachers of this summer have been Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. F. G. Peabody, Rev. S. A. Eliot, Rev. G. A. Gordon, and Rev. P. S. Moxom. At Bar Harbor there is a regular Unitarian church organization and a beautiful building. The church was without winter preaching last winter; but the summer services have been largely attended, and there is good prospect of the establishment of permanent services. At East Lamoine there is also a Unitarian organization worshipping in the Union Church. Rev. Albert Walkley, who has been a frequent and welcome summer visitor at Lamoine, is in charge this summer. At Sullivan Rev. H. H. Sanderson is preaching very acceptably in the new Union Church. The people are anticipating the conference with great pleasure, and will welcome a large attendance. Mr. Sanderson is also preaching at East Sullivan. At West Gouldsboro, in the Union Church, founded nine years ago by Mr. Eliot, Mr. A. Berglund of the Meadville School is preaching; and the church at Prospect Harbor is in charge of Mr. W. S. Nichols of the Cambridge School, while Rev. T. Van Ness lives only a mile away at "The Sands." Finally, at Winter Harbor, where the generosity of Mr. D. B. Flint built and maintains the Channing Chapel, there is regular preaching by Mr. Van Ness, Mr. Eliot, Mr. De Normandie, Mr. Stebbens, and Dr. Peabody. The bay is thus aided by this well-arranged line of liberal churches; and the annual gathering of the people is likely to be an occasion of even more than usual interest and pleasure.

The conference programme was as follows:—

Morning Session.—10.30 A.M., opening exercises, conducted by Rev. H. H. Sanderson; address by the president of the conference, Mr. F. A. Noyes. 10.50 A.M., introduction of business, appointment of committees. 11 A.M., addresses on "Our Unitarian Message,"—Rev. Charles F. Dole, "A Message of Life"; Rev. Seth C. Beach, "A Message of Liberty"; Rev. Charles T. Billings, "A Message of Faith"; Rev. Charles G. Ames, "A Message of Jesus." Discussion. 12.30 to 1.30 P.M., recess and lunch at the Swiss Chalet.

Afternoon Session.—1.30 P.M., opening exercises, conducted by Rev. A. Berglund. 1.40 P.M., five-minute reports from the churches. 2 P.M., addresses on "Our Unitarian Work,"—Rev. J. Lewis Marsh, "The Unitarian Emphasis"; Rev. Walter R. Hunt, "Winter Work for Summer Churches"; Rev. Albert Walkley, "Work for the Christian Ideals"; Rev. Thomas Van Ness, "Work for the Kingdom of God." Discussion. 3.15 P.M., reports of committees. 3.25 P.M., closing exercises, conducted by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot.

Lancaster, Mass.—The people of Lancaster joined lately in doing honor to

Rev. George M. Bartol, D.D., the revered pastor of the First Church and the honored citizen for a half-century of the quiet old town; for it was the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as minister and installation at the sacred old edifice. Not only were all the townspeople present, but many came from Worcester, Boston, and the nearer places. The church is dear to the Thayer family, as the grandfather, Dr. Nathaniel Thayer, was settled there for fifty years. The family was represented by Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, who came from Newport, and Messrs. John and Bayard Thayer. The church was elaborately decorated. The exercises opened at three o'clock. Dr. Bartol made the opening address, and he was followed by Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale. A silver loving-cup from past and present members of the Worcester Association was presented to the pastor by Rev. E. A. Horton; and an elegant silver tea-service of twenty pieces was presented by members of the parish, who also gave $100 in gold. At the close of the exercises the company adjourned to the Thayer Memorial Chapel, where a reception was held. Rev. Dr. Cyrus Bartol, brother of the pastor, was unable to be present on account of his health.

Lancaster, N.H.—Mr. C. D. Reynolds was ordained and installed as pastor of the First Unitarian Society in this place last Thursday evening. The services were unusually impressive. The church was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, and flowers,—the work of Mrs. Minnie Leith and Mrs. Mary Thompson, assisted by the ladies of the parish. The sermon by Rev. Robert Collyer was based on Mark i. 1, "The gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." The deep, eloquent words of the preacher made that old Gospel clearer and dearer than ever, just as new as if it had been heard for the first time. Rev. D. M. Wilson gave the right hand of fellowship. Other parts were taken by Rev. W. C. Litchfield of Littleton, Mr. J. H. Jones of the Groveton Mission, and Mr. J. S. Brackett of Lancaster. The quartette sustained their part in the anthems and hymns rendered. Mr. Reynolds comes to us well equipped for the manifold duties of minister and pastor. He comes among us not to tear down, but to build up, not to antagonize other faiths, but to broaden and deepen the Christian experiences, by bringing the religion of Jesus nearer the hearts and lives of the men and women of this parish and community.

Littleton, N.H.—The minister and congregation read together, at a recent morning service, the following "Declaration of Fellowship": "In the love of truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ we unite for the worship of God and the service of man; and, as his followers, we accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. We believe in one God, the Father Eternal, whose righteousness, wisdom, and love rule the worlds. We believe in the holy spirit of cheerfulness, charity, and peace, which we would win and maintain. We believe in truthfulness, honesty of conduct, integrity of character, wise and generous giving, purity of thought and life. We believe that we owe our lives to the service of our kindred, our neighbors, the State, and mankind. We believe that obedience to duty is the way of life, and no one can do wrong and not suffer harm. We believe that no real harm can befall the righteous in life or death. We believe in the imitation of Jesus Christ, and all God's heroes, teachers, martyrs, saints, and benefactors. We hold to the brotherhood of those who love and serve man, and we believe in the life everlasting."

Montclair, N.J.—The contracts have been given out by the owner for the work on the new building on South Fullerton Avenue, the large hall in which is to be the home of the new Unitarian society in Montclair. Unity Hall, as it will be called, promises to become the centre of much spiritual and progressive work. The intention is to unite here, in a larger fellowship, on the basis of mental liberty, those aiming at the development of pure and high character, and, while keeping open to new light, realizing that all things tend to prove the divine power of the religion of Jesus,—love to God and love to man.

Petersham, Mass.—Rev. Charles Tilden Sempers was installed as minister of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Parish on Wednesday, August 18, at 11 A.M. After the organ voluntary, Rev. Charles G. Ames, D.D., offered the prayer of invocation. An anthem by the choir followed; and then passages from Isaiah and Saint Paul were read responsively by Rev. F. C. Southworth of Duluth and the congregation. At the close of this reading, Luther's choral, "A Mighty Fortress," was sung by all the people, still standing. After further Scripture reading by Rev. R. S. Kelleman of North Dana, Mass., a hymn written by Mr. Sempers was sung. The sermon was by Mr. Ames. Rev. Lyman Clark of Andover, N.H., gave the charge to the people, Rev. S. W. Sutton of Athol, Mass., the right hand of fellowship, Rev. G. W. Kinney of Petersham an address of welcome, and Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass., the charge to the pastor. Mr. Crothers then offered the prayer of installation. After another hymn, also written by Mr. Sempers, the service closed with a benediction by the pastor. A correspondent writes that the services were very impressive, especially the sermon and the charge

to the pastor. Mr. Kinney, who gave the new pastor a hearty welcome, is the Baptist clergyman in Petersham. The day after the installation services the ladies held their annual summer fair, which was well attended.

Proctor Academy.—Miss Ophelia S. Brown, a graduate of Smith College, who fitted at Howard Seminary, has been appointed teacher in Proctor Academy, Andover, N.H. Miss Brown is a daughter of Rev. William Brown of Tyngsboro, Mass., and has had several years of successful experience teaching at Nashua, N.H.

Salem, Mass.—The Unitarian churches have held union services in the East Church during July and August. The pastors have had charge of the services in turn. Rev. E. C. Butler of Quincy, Mass., and Rev. Alfred Gooding of Portsmouth, N.H., have preached one Sunday each by exchange of pulpits.

Rev. E. D. Towle has taken up his residence in Brookline, where he will be installed as pastor of the Second Unitarian Church, Longwood, early in September.

Springfield, Mass.: *Church of the Unity.* On August 1 Mrs. Lizzie A. Brown from the colored Normal and Industrial School, Elizabeth City, N.C., gave a short address after the morning service.

The school is modelled after the one at Tuskegee, Ala. It made a beginning in 1890, and has been self-supporting until recently, when it was thought advisable to build dormitories for the students instead of allowing them to board in private families. Mrs. Brown solicited both money and clothing.

This was the last service until the first of September.

St. John, N.B.—Rev. J. B. Green, who two years ago was sent by the American Unitarian Association to look after the interests of Unitarianism here, returns to New England at an early day. The society is well organized and in a healthy and hopeful condition.

Thornton, N.H.—Horace R. Hubbard, a recent graduate of the Meadville Theological School, and Theodora E. Hazeltine were united in marriage, July 26, by Rev. Lyman Clark, at Thornton (Campton Village).

Weirs Grove Meeting.—The twentieth annual Grove Meeting at Weirs was held from July 25 to August 1.

On Sunday, July 25, there were sermons by Rev. Messrs. G. H. Rice and J. H. Crooker.

On Monday there was a carriage ride to Follet's Hill, and in the evening a meeting in the Lakeside parlor, at which remarks were made by several present and letters read from a number of people unable to be present. Tuesday was Minister's Day. In the forenoon a paper on "The Preacher as he ought to be," written by Rev. D. J. H. Ward of Dover, was read by Miss Pray. Rev. J. C. Mitchell read an excellent paper on "The Conduct of Public Worship." In the afternoon Rev. J. T. Bixby spoke on "The Sanctions for Morality in Nature and Evolution." In the evening Rev. C. A. Staples spoke on "Forty Years in the Ministry."

Wednesday was Wolfboro Day. The steamer "Mt. Washington" took the visitors over the lake to Wolfboro, and in the afternoon gave them a trip to the extreme southern end of the lake, to Alton Bay.

In the evening Mr. Horace R. Hubbard was ordained, the following being the order of exercises: Scripture reading, Rev. J. C. Mitchel; sermon, Rev. C. J. Staples; ordaining prayer, Rev. G. H. Rice; charge to the candidate, Rev. C. A. Staples; hand of fellowship, Rev. Lyman Clark.

Thursday was Women's Day. In the morning Rev. Florence K. Crooker preached; and in the afternoon Miss M. A. Downing presided at a women's meeting, at which Mrs. R. H. Davis of New York and others spoke.

In the evening there was a platform meeting, the topic for the evening being "What we stand for in Religion." The addresses were by Rev. Messrs. L. W. Sprague, J. H. Crooker, G. H. Rice, and Albert Walkley.

Friday was in charge of the Young People's Religious Union. At six o'clock in the morning there was a sunrise service. At 10.30 Rev. L. W. Sprague preached, and in the afternoon there was a platform meeting of the young people. Two or three papers were read, and reports were given of young people's work in our New Hampshire churches.

There was no meeting Friday evening, it being occupied in an excursion upon the lake.

Saturday was Laymen's Day. At 2.30 P.M. the exercises commenced. Judge Everett presided. The addresses were by Hon. N. B. Bryant and Mr. George W. Stone.

In the evening the visitors were received at Fellowship Cottage.

Sunday, August 1, saw a large audience assembled in the grove to listen to the sermons by Rev. G. A. Thayer of Cincinnati in the morning, and Rev. E. L. Rexford D.D., of Columbus in the afternoon.

Sunday evening the session for 1897 closed with a conference meeting in the church, led by the Grove Meeting Association's president, Rev. C. J. Staples.

H. R. H.

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